The Nation.

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The Week.

The performance in the House of Representatives on Monday was a curious illustration of the fact that what seems to be a test vote may be quite untrustworthy as an indication of the real views of Congressmen. For weeks the question has been much discussed whether the Speaker ought not to comply with the rule which provides that, "unless otherwise specially ordered by the House, the Speaker shall appoint at the commencement of each Congress the standing committees." Mr. Reed made up his mind at the opening of the present session on the 15th of March that he would not comply with this rule, and the House consequently remains unorganized for business seven weeks later. There has been growing dissatisfaction with this policy of inaction, and Mr. Reed finally concluded to fortify himself by securing an endorsement of his attitude. A resolution directing the Speaker to appoint the committees immediately was therefore presented by Mr. Dingley, the Republican leader, with a speech which called upon every Republican to oppose it, and thus dispose of the matter, once for all. Only one member of the majority failed to respond to the demand, while more than half of the Democrats, under the lead of Mr. Bailey, stood with the dominant party.

The formal protest of the Austrian Government against the Dingley bill, in so far as it lays discriminating duties on Austrian sugar, was published last week. Mr. Dingley affects indifference to the protest, but what he would have affected seven years ago is hilarity. The more foreign countries made angry by his bill, the more gratifying the tribute to it as a great American measure. McKinleyites pointed with pride in 1890 to the misery their bill had caused in Vienna. Misery abroad meant prosperity at home. The madder the foreigner, the more jovial the native. But somehow even the protectionists have got it into their heads that it is not good policy to enrage a customer to whom they are anxious to sell goods. So instead of exulting over foreign irritation, they now deprecate it, as Mr. Dingley does. His only reproach is that the Austrians might have protested with "better grace" if they had not themselves discriminated against our products—had not, in fact, excluded them. That is to say, if Austria would not retaliate, and would only take our discriminating legislation meekly, we should think much more of her, and take her protests very kindly. Protests without retaliatory action we should receive from any number of nations with the utmost courtesy. But there are signs all around the horizon that this way of dissembling our love for our foreign customers is making them exceedingly weary. Canada has already produced a discriminating tariff against American imports. The German and Austrian threats to do likewise are scarcely veiled. And the strangest thing is that Mr. Dingley is troubled by what should, on his own principles, especially delight him.

The German Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Reichstag on Monday stated the German case against the Dingley bill with great dignity and force. The bill was not a law yet, and might never be; so it was premature to get excited about it. There should be no excitement even if the bill were to pass as it stands. The Government would protest, and it would take measures to defend German interests, but it would do both calmly. Baron von Bieberstein admitted that all the precedents in regard to the interpretation of the "most-favored-nation" treaties were not in his favor, though the President of the United States and the House of Representatives had conceded that a surtax on German sugar was in violation of treaty rights. At any rate the Dingley bill was in violation of international courtesy and good understanding between nations; certainly it invited reprisals; certainly it was in violation of the laws of international trade.

That was the Minister's main contention, just as it was the main contention of the Canadian Minister of Finance when he brought in his tariff bill in reply to Dingley's. Mr. Fielding said that the United States had shown, by the Dingley bill, that it was not disposed to trade with Canada; there could be no complaint, therefore, if Canada should make arrangements to trade elsewhere. The Canadian Government had concluded, said Minister Fielding, that "there must be one tariff for countries willing to trade with Canada, and a different tariff for countries not prepared to deal fairly with the Dominion." This may not be the soundest policy, but it is a perfectly natural policy. It is simply commending Mr. Dingley's chalice to his own lips. He cannot complain. In fact, he ought to rejoice at every promise of lessening foreign trade. He frankly tells importers who appear before his committee that, if he had his way, all ships would return from Europe empty. His tariff promises to bring about that idyllic condition, so far as possible. As for revenue, he expects to get that whether any goods come in or not. Under a wise high tariff, it is well known, foreigners come forward and pay quarterly at the custom-house, without regard to any sales of goods. Under a low tariff they "dump" goods upon us; under a high tariff they dump revenue.

Senator Jones of Nevada proved the *deus ex machina* for getting the tariff bill before the Senate without further delay in the finance committee. The amended measure was reported on Tuesday, and it is virtually a new creation. It implicitly confesses that the Dingley bill is not a measure for revenue, but for protection, that Mr. Dingley's figures of the amount of income to be expected from it are not to be depended on, and that to make receipts equal to expenditures an entirely new plan must be adopted. This view of the Senate committee is shown by the introduction of clauses increasing the beer and tobacco taxes and putting a duty on tea. Whatever else it may do, it will yield fifty or sixty millions more revenue than the Government is now receiving. It was this feature of the bill that caused stocks to advance on Tuesday. The other features are open to a good deal of criticism, on one side and the other. The duties are generally lower than those of the House bill, but are still much too high, while in particular items the duties are unjustifiably increased. Thus, while the duties on clothing wool are lowered, those on carpet wool are raised to an extent almost if not quite ruinous to the carpet industry. The duty of 1½ cents per pound on hides, while logically sound from the protectionist standpoint, will arouse fierce resistance and may even yet kill the whole measure. Other salient features are the omission of the reciprocity clause and the tacit abrogation of the present treaty with the Hawaiian Islands (a matter of much moment); the omission of the retroactive clause; the omission of the clause restricting to $100 the value of the personal effects of travellers; the change in the duties on books and works of art—the schedule of the Wilson bill being substantially retained; and the change in the sugar schedule, which, besides increasing the duties somewhat, changes the method of computing them. The date fixed for the act to go into effect is July 1. In the Dingley bill it was May 1. We desire to congratulate our readers on this return to sensible legislation, and to point out, humbly, that it has been brought about, not by intrigue, or pulling legs, or private correspondence, but by iterated public protest, by argument in the Senate, and by calling the attention of sensible men to

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the real nature of the scheme, as loudly as possible.

There is evidently some nervousness among the Dingleyites lest some kind of a silver amendment shall be fastened upon the tariff bill in the Senate which may put the whole measure in jeopardy. The proposed duty on hides is not nearly so fearful as would be a clause providing for the purchase by the Government of any quantity of silver, however small. We are reassured, however, on this point by the Washington dispatches in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, which tell us that the Silver Senators are really good tariff men and do not wish to force any amendment which would prevent the bill from passing. This pleasing frame of mind deserves a reward, and we wonder that it did not occur to Mr. Dingley to put a moderate duty on silver, say 10 cents per ounce. Having given us duties of 25 cents per bushel on wheat, 15 cents on corn, 3 cents per head on cabbages, $4 per ton on hay, and 1 cent per pound on garlic, to protect the farmers, why should we not have a corresponding duty on silver to protect the miners? Are the latter less easily humbugged? Although we export silver in large quantities, as well as wheat, corn, and other products of the farm, is it not a fact that large quantities of silver are introduced into this country every year from Canada and Mexico? Yet we are absolutely without a duty on silver. Why will not some Senator move an amendment to cure this glaring defect and inconsistency?

One of the most protracted senatorial contests in the history of the country ended in the election of William J. Deboe by the Kentucky Legislature on Wednesday week. The campaign of 1895 gave the Republicans the governorship of that State, for the first time since the formation of the party, and held out the hope that they might secure the senatorship also, as they elected 68 of the 138 members of the Legislature, while Blackburn as the Democratic nominee could not get all of that party's 68 votes, and one of the two Populists inclined to the Republican side. But the whole of the regular session was consumed in a fruitless struggle, which left the final result still in doubt. The chapter of accidents which followed helped the Republicans, the vacancies caused by the deaths of Democrats resulting so generally in the success of Republican candidates that this party had a majority of the members when a special session was convened a few weeks ago. Factional controversies, however, had grown so bitter that union upon any man long seemed impossible, and the final choice, as often happens in such deadlocks, is a man who has not been especially conspicuous during the controversy. The Senator-elect makes a favorable impression upon the country by his statement that he favors the arbitration treaty and legislation to maintain the gold standard. Not the least cause for rejoicing in his success is the dismissal of the blatherskite whose seat he will take. The term of Mr. Lindsay, the other Senator from Kentucky, runs until 1901, and Blackburn can never again expect to be as strong as before this defeat.

There are various speculations as to the strength of the Republican party in the Senate after this accession from Kentucky. There are still two vacancies in the body, one from Florida, where an election has not yet been obtained, and the other from Oregon, where the Legislature failed to elect and no action has yet been taken regarding the admission of the Governor's appointee. This will make Mr. Deboe the eighty-eighth member, and forty-three of these are ranked as Republicans; but this includes several, like Wolcott of Colorado and Pritchard of North Carolina, who are really silverites, although they will support a Republican tariff bill—if they can get what they demand out of it. Kyle, of South Dakota, who came in as a Populist six years ago, owes his recent re-election to the Republicans, and, if he should acknowledge the obligation, would give that party control of the Senate, through the Vice-President's casting vote, on any question which would unite Gold and Silver Republicans. The managers, however, place no dependence upon such a majority, and the committees are to be rearranged on the basis demanded by the Democrats and Populists.

April brought another surplus, this time of $6,000,000, to the national Treasury. The deficit for the fiscal year down to date is $33,000,000, and the Wilson bill may yet wipe that out if the Dingleyites only continue to rage and imagine vain things. The deficit would be only $18,000,000 now if the last Congress had not recklessly increased appropriations without adding a dollar to the revenue; and there is to-day a net cash balance in the Treasury, above the gold reserve, of $128,000,000! The folly of moving heaven and earth, putting business on the rack, and turning the country over to the Democrats, all for the professed purpose of getting money into a Treasury which already has too much, is apparent on a mere statement of these facts. If Congress would take steps to settle the currency question by assuring the gold standard, it could let the revenue take care of itself for two years with perfect safety. If the Wilson bill, then given the fair trial which it has not yet had, did not produce sufficient revenue, additional taxes could be laid. But the present Dingley remedy is only inflaming the disease.

The wrath of the silver wing of the Democratic party over Mr. Cleveland's speech at the Reform Club dinner has one especially comic aspect. It is easy to detect in it a note of despair at the discovery that the party is not yet rid of him as its most fearless and plain-spoken adviser. There was clearly a belief among the silverite Democrats that when Mr. Cleveland departed from the Presidency they were rid of him for good and all, but they now see that this was a delusion, and that he is disposed to go ahead speaking the truth as he sees it without regard to the feelings of anybody. They know what the consequences of this have been to them in the past. They know that he grew steadily in popular favor with every deliverance which especially angered them, and they fear an indefinite continuation of the same condition of things. If he is going to call public attention to their shortcomings, is going to denounce from time to time the unpatriotic character of their policies and doings, what hope is there for them of ever deluding the people sufficiently to get into power? He is more troublesome to them than an uneasy conscience is to a malefactor, for he does not chide them in a still small voice, but in tones so loud that the whole country hears him.

The craze for regulating all social relations by law has reached its extreme in a movement to have the public authorities control the use of the streets by young people in the evening. It first took the shape of an attempt to secure the passage of municipal ordinances forbidding persons under a certain age, usually sixteen, to be away from home after a fixed hour at night, generally nine o'clock. A number of towns and some cities of considerable size, both in the West and in the South, have yielded to this demand, and the Michigan Legislature was persuaded to pass a "curfew law," as it is called, for the whole State. Gov. Pingree has shown more sense in this matter than the law-makers, for he has vetoed the bill, on the ground that it involves interference by the State in matters of purely domestic concern. Roaming the streets at night is bad business for young people, but it would be worse for the community to have the State attempt the rôle of a beneficent parent. Such a venture is bound to be a failure, and would simply aggravate an evil which can be cured only by persuading and instructing fathers and mothers to do their duty by their children.

The view which we took of Mr. Moss at the time he was appointed Police Commissioner is fully vindicated by the work which he has already accomplished in the board. His intimate knowledge of the department and of the force has

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been of great value, but most serviceable of all has been his long experience with Parker and his cheap little tricks. Parker is not a difficult man to comprehend, because he is neither shrewd nor subtle, but he is a very wearing person for an official associate because he never gets tired of trickery. He keeps at it day and night, and must be watched and thwarted constantly. There are unmistakable symptoms that he is very tired of his alliance with Grant, and well he may be, for Grant is not an easy burden for anybody to carry. It is a great pity that the Mayor did not see his way clear to move for the removal of both Parker and Grant when they declined even to receive the charges which Mr. Roosevelt brought against Chief Conlin for insubordination. There was no defence for them in this case, and the Mayor might have succeeded in ridding the city of both of them. So long as they remain in the board, it is of great importance to have them confronted with two members who can be depended upon to nullify their worst schemes, and this service is certain to be rendered by Messrs. Andrews and Moss. A "deadlock" of this sort is far more valuable to the city than any "harmony" which Parker and Grant would be willing to concede.

The submission of the budget estimates to the English Parliament on Thursday calls attention again to the radical difference between our own and the British methods of preparing for the year's public expenditures. The Chancellor of the Exchequer began by analyzing the results of the fiscal year ending March 31. The estimate of revenue, laid before Parliament a year ago, had proved to be nearly £4,000,000 under the actual returns. Since there was no apparent reason to expect a decrease in the revenue this coming year, the estimate of expenditure is now increased £1,610,000, leaving the taxes pretty much as they stand to-day. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach went at some length into the question of the sources of the revenue and the reason for its increase, and, taking the defensive on the added appropriations asked for—as the British Government is bound to do—explained in detail the reasons for the larger requirements. The budget was at once debated in the Commons, but only to advance objections against the projected increase in expenditure. The next procedure of Parliament will be to turn over these estimates of required supplies to an "audit committee" made up of the most experienced business men in Parliament. By these practical students of financial ways and means the estimates, item by item, are examined. Not infrequently, a part of the appropriation asked by the ministry is refused. Under no circumstances is the estimate increased. Time-honored parliamentary tradition has decreed that the ministry must ask for all it possibly may need, and must contrive the means of meeting such expenditure; it is the business of the House of Commons to guard jealously the public purse, and see that no unnecessary grants are made.

Let this procedure be contrasted with the practice of our Government. Our Executive submits an outside estimate of appropriations needed; it has no knowledge of prospective revenue bills, and no right to meddle with them. It is burdened with "permanent appropriations," voted perhaps a dozen years ago, reaching $120,000,000. The House makes an indifferent show of revising estimates of expenditure; eight separate committees are at work upon them, not one of which has anything to do with adjusting the prospective revenue. The Senate then juggles with the bills during a month or so, usually enlarging them by ten to twenty millions. The greater part of these additions fall on the sundry civil bill, which, as its name suggests, comprises every sort of miscellaneous claim which Senators can trump up against the Government. Meantime the ways and means committee is at work on a measure actually designed to shut out importations; estimates of the yield from the new revenue provisions vary from one another by as much as $60,000,000. The revenue bill is patched up after a fight with greedy seekers after personal advantage; the appropriation bills rush into law, very commonly at midnight on the 3d of March. Is it any wonder that our annual balance-sheet has swung between a surplus of $119,600,000 in 1888 and a deficit of $69,800,000 in 1894—both under high protective-tariff laws? Great Britain's annual revenue has only on eight occasions in the last thirty years fallen below the expenditure, the largest annual deficit in the period being barely $15,000,000; and in only two years out of thirty has the surplus revenue exceeded $16,000,000.

Sir William Harcourt succeeded on Thursday, with his charge that the Government was trying to get up a war in South Africa, in throwing Mr. Chamberlain into a rage. This alone the leader of the Opposition must have considered a great triumph, as the Secretary for the Colonies is one of the most icily self-possessed men in the world. His fury will convince the Liberals that Sir William touched the raw. Mr. Chamberlain probably does not mean war, but he evidently does mean to get into a warlike attitude in order to give his diplomatic arguments with the Transvaal a sharper edge. An extra military credit of $1,000,000 for South Africa and a fleet of war-ships in Delagoa Bay look extremely like preparation for arguing with pike and gun. Mr. Chamberlain appears to have some sort of secret understanding with Portugal about Delagoa Bay. The Portuguese Prime Minister has vowed that he has not sold or leased Delagoa Bay to England; that no ministry could live a day in Portugal which should propose such a thing. Yet there are sinful rumors about a Portuguese loan in London; the Portuguese Government says complacently, when its attention is called to the presence of the English in Delagoa Bay, that it is sure they are there "with good intentions"; and on Thursday it allowed the English to take artillery ashore "for practice." All this is mysterious, and, unfortunately, the only man who knows all about it—Mr. Balfour—will not tell.

The only essential change in the Greek situation is the fall of the Delyannis Government and the advent of the Opposition to power in the person of Mr. Ralli. The army at Pharsalos still endeavors to make a stand, but no one now believes that the Turkish advance can be checked except by foreign intervention, which Greece still hesitates to invoke, and on the terms of which the Powers are likely to differ as in many passages of the "concert." The best officers of the Greek contingent in Crete are meanwhile being summoned to Athens, and to that extent the withdrawal insisted on is being complied with; but the islanders themselves are reported to be firm in rejecting autonomy.

A dispatch from Crete states that Ismail Pasha, the Governor of the island, has protested against the decision of the Admirals allowing food to be supplied to the insurgent inhabitants. He demands, it is said, a complete abolition of the blockade or its complete reëstablishment. There is a good deal to be said for this view, which is evidently based on the Paris declaration, now part of international law for forty years, that a blockade, to be respected, must be "effective." In all genuine blockades, as in that which we established of our own ports during the war of the Rebellion, this principle has been recognized. It is true that it relates to a blockade between enemies, while the Cretan blockade is a blockade to prevent friends from fighting; still, we do not see why, if there is anything in the theory of pacific blockades at all, they ought not to be as effective as any other. A blockading squadron which allows the blockaded to be supplied with food, in so far starves, and hence blockades, ineffectively. Indeed, a blockade which is made stringent or relaxed at the pleasure of the blockading squadron may be "effective" on Monday, and a "paper" blockade on Tuesday.

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THE DELAY OF CURRENCY REFORM.

As time passes, the conviction becomes stronger that the Republican leaders in Congress do not intend to take any steps towards a reformation of the currency at the present session, and this fact leads to the fear that they do not intend to take such steps at any time hereafter. The reason why they do not is easy to see. In any scheme of reform the first thing to be done is to get rid of the greenbacks. To this the majority are, as Mr. Brosius said the other day when defining his own position, "unalterably opposed." Sentiment has much to do with this. The odor of loyalty that attaches to the greenback as an instrument of war, "battle-scarred and blood-stained," is still potent. Against that feeling the reasoning faculty counts for little. But that is not the most specious argument. The belief is general that the greenbacks cost nothing, that they are a debt drawing no interest, and that it would involve an annual loss to the Government to fund them into bonds.

Some say that the Government is stronger financially than the banks, and these "point with pride" to the fact that in the panic of 1893 the Government redeemed its greenbacks in gold at all times, while the banks for a short time suspended payment of their deposits. These persons overlook the fact that the Government was saved from suspension by the banks, not once merely, but three times, and that without their assistance its suspension would have been final and irremediable. They overlook the fact, too, that the threatened bankruptcy of the Treasury precipitated the panic itself. Nobody ever pretended or imagined that the banks could pay all their deposits immediately, if they should all be demanded at one time. Banking cannot be carried on in that way. Nor can the Government redeem all its legal-tender notes under like conditions. There was a time in 1894 when two or three private bankers in New York could have drawn the last dollar of gold out of the Treasury on twenty-four hours' notice. Those persons who look upon the Government as stronger financially than the banks, overlook the fact that, in every crisis where financial strength is put to the test, the Government looks to the banks for help and gets its strength from them.

In one way and another the idea has gained root that the greenback is "the best money the country ever had," whereas it is the worst. There are differences of opinion among economists on the question whether the national banking system might be usefully amended on its note-issuing side, but there is no difference among them as to the malign influence of the greenback. From some wise reflections of Prof. Dunbar, in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, we quote a few words in reference to the supposed saving of interest by means of the legal-tender notes:

> "I shall only call attention here, in conclusion, to the often repeated argument that a Government issue, being a loan without interest, results in a saving to the Treasury which is lost when the right of circulation is delegated to banks. The experience of the United States in the last five years alone presents a complete answer to this penny-wise reasoning. In that space of time the people of the United States have lost by shaken confidence, discouraged enterprise, and the actual ruin of thousands of citizens, resulting from the mismanagement of their currency, an amount beyond all comparison with the annual saving of perhaps $12,000,000 made by them at the Treasury. The thrill of alarm which runs through the country whenever the gold reserve dips too far below the line, or when there is delay or doubt in applying the costly remedy, means a loss to the people to be measured only by scores of millions. The monetary panic of 1893 alone, by its direct results and without reference to the stagnation which followed it, was enough to counterbalance all savings of interest made by the Treasury in the last twenty years."

These losses to private persons are soon forgotten by all except the victims themselves. They enter the maelstrom of bankruptcy and disappear from sight, but the supposed saving of interest to the Government (the petty $12,000,000 a year) remains in full view to answer the purposes of demagogues and to deceive the unthinking.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat the arguments against further delay in currency reform. They have been reiterated many times. Congressman Fowler put them in plain language the other day before the Manufacturers' Association of Brooklyn, saying that the time had come for determined action:

> "(1.) Because, although the Presidential campaign of last fall was fought upon the financial question and won, the results have not yet reached legislative enactment.
> "(2.) Because the vote for Mr. Bryan was so alarmingly large.
> "(3.) Because the silver factions of all parties are apparently willing to fuse upon the money question regardless of all other differences, and are already actively campaigning for the fall of 1898.
> "(4.) Capital is so sensitive that, so long as the question of standard is not definitely settled, there will be no free and general movement of money—a condition of things which is absolutely essential to any degree of prosperity."

Some of the best thinkers in this country believe that nothing will ever arouse the country or bring amendment of existing evils but a financial cataclysm of the worst kind—such as would have taken place if Bryan had been elected last fall. They think that great economical reforms are brought about only by acute suffering. They may be right. The blindness of the Republican leaders in Congress points that way. It indicates that they do not intend to do anything but pass a Chinese-wall tariff, which will itself intensify the prevailing stagnation, and adjourn. When they come together again in December, they will say that the time is too short and that they ought not to take any risks in view of the congressional elections of 1898. As they will almost certainly be beaten in those elections, their opportunity will then be gone. Of course, the Bryanites see their opportunity in helping all measures, like Chinese-wall tariffs, which make for hard times, and in preventing any currency reform which would assure the gold standard and thus dispel the financial gloom.

HAWAIIAN ANNEXATION.

One of the latest signs of the continued activity of the Hawaiian annexation scheme is the circulation of a pamphlet containing a lecture on the subject delivered by the Hon. John W. Foster before the National Geographic Society. About half of the lecture is devoted to an historical sketch of the islands, and may be boiled down to the somewhat paradoxical statement, rehashed so often during the past four years, that the missionaries sent there imparted a knowledge of Christianity, secured its acceptance by the natives, gave them a written language, founded schools for the education utterly unfit for self-government, vailed upon them to adopt the dress and comforts of civilization, became advisers and guides to the kings and chiefs, instructed them in proper methods of government, brought the masses out of a state of servitude, and gradually created out of a barbarous race a civilized nation utterly unfiit for self-government, and destined to speedy extinction by its own vices. Under these conditions, Mr. Foster regards it as wholly out of the question that the Americans there should be governed again by native rulers, though he takes pains to state more than once that "for more than half a century" Americans were "the real administrators of public affairs," thus reducing the native rulers to mere figure-heads, and forcing upon his readers the question whether he has rightly located the source of governmental deterioration or not.

Mr. Foster quotes a considerable number of men who have been of the opinion that the islands should be ours, which is all very natural, as human nature has always been very susceptible to the temptation of "ripe pears" hanging around apparently waiting to be plucked. If no other reason could be alleged in such cases, the philanthropic desire to save other people the risk of injury to their health would be made to do duty as a sufficient cause for plucking. Mr. Foster's authorities are largely military and naval, and that too is natural, for army and navy officers could hardly be expected to be averse to a course of action which might easily give them an opportunity to win honors in the exercise of their profession. We are all very much obliged to them for effective service when such service is really necessary, but the most of us have hardly reached the point of agreeing with those who would find a reason for fighting now and then merely for the sake of exercise.

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When it comes to giving real arguments for annexation, Mr. Foster pins his faith mainly to the theory which has such a peculiar fascination for certain minds, that the islands constitute the "key to the Pacific," and therefore we *must have them* anyhow. As he tells us himself that they stand at the centre of an otherwise unoccupied circle of water having a radius of about two thousand miles, one may be pardoned for suggesting that the key does not seem to fit the hole, and that after going to the trouble of securing it we might find it incapable of turning the lock. The key idea, as applied to a bit of land at the centre of such a vast expanse of unbroken ocean, is a palpable absurdity, and to drag it forth continually as an argument for annexation is to insult the intelligence of the people. If the islands stood in the middle of a passageway of only moderate width, so that their occupation could be made effective for the purpose of blocking the way against the vessels of other nations, then they might fairly be called the key to the Pacific. Even in that case our duty to acquire them would be far from clear, since an international guarantee of the freedom of such a passage can easily be shown to be of greater value to any nation concerned than exclusive ownership, with the ensuing necessity of expensive fortifications and the increased danger of bloody complications with other Powers. Of course, this does not appeal to Jingo editors and politicians, who are wiling to shed any amount of blood (of their subscribers and constituents) for the honor of their country, which honor, in their view, seems to be closely bound up with the sale of papers and the art of getting elected to office.

Passing on from the key idea, Mr. Foster wants the islands for the purpose of "securing this outpost of our Pacific frontier, and thus protecting all the time our future mighty commerce and rapidly growing interests on that coast from the encroachments of the great Powers striving for ascendancy in that quarter of the globe." When one remembers that it takes a fast steamer about five days to reach any point on our coast from Honolulu, the idea of the islands as a defence is on a par in absurdity with the key theory. Why cannot the annexationists realize that such arguments have no basis whatever in reason? As a matter of course a little group of islands, incapable of supporting from its own resources a population large enough to furnish more than a mere handful of fighting men, could never add anything to the defensive strength of the nation owning it, unless its position commanded some necessary avenue of approach. In the present case, we should merely be adding another point to be defended, and very difficult of defence at that, if we should ever engage in a war on the Pacific. If such a war should be severe enough to place us in any real peril, we should be obliged either to let the islands go, or to defend them at the expense of the withdrawal from the California coast of so large a portion of our effective forces as to leave that State in serious danger. But even if we were to grant the essentially absurd idea that there is some strategic value in the possession of an island group two thousand miles distant from our territories, Mr. Foster's pamphlet contains in itself the refutation of the theory as applied to this particular case, since he tells us that within essentially the same distance from Honolulu are no less than five such groups all now within the power of the same European nations from whom we are supposed to be in danger in that quarter of the globe.

Mr. Foster's suggestion that the missionary contributions to the islands give us an equitable claim to their possession should receive nothing but condemnation from all who are interested in missionary work. If the pagans once become imbued with the idea that missions are merely preparatory to the extinction of their own governments and the annexation of the territory to the lands from which the missionaries are sent out, missions will have received a blow from which they will not soon recover. There may be many with whom Mr. Foster's name will count for something, but an examination of his pamphlet will show that he has not relieved the annexation movement from its essential burden of combined Jingoism and selfishness.

THE INHERITANCE-TAX BILL.

The Governor announces that he will give a hearing on the graduated inheritance-tax bill passed by the late Legislature; and, according to one or two newspapers, "the millionaires" are going to proceed in large numbers to Albany to urge the Governor to veto it. This we doubt, for it is not at all like millionaires to do anything of the kind. Professional men, members of the Chamber of Commerce and the Real-Estate Exchange and the State Charities Aid, and citizens prominent in a variety of ways go to Albany to take part in hearings; but the habit of millionaires is to stay in their "homes" and send their attorneys to "see the old man." Long experience has taught them that if the old man can do nothing for them, then they are indeed helpless. In this they no doubt generally take a correct view of their own interest; the greatest danger in being wealthy is that it makes you a conspicuous object of attack, and they therefore reason that to divert the effect of uncomfortable legislation from themselves their true plan is to go very quietly about it. If they were to make a great to-do and outcry, this would very likely be taken as evidence that they needed more taxing. The other day, when the Illinois Legislature was considering the great Illinois bill designed to root out department stores, it was announced that a determined body of "six hundred small merchants" was on its way to Springfield to insist on the passage of the measure; but who ever heard of six hundred or even sixty millionaires going up in a body to Albany either to push or to block legislation?

It is, however, a mistake to suppose that the Dudley inheritance-tax bill is a matter of concern to millionaires only. Its great recommendation at Albany was that it "hit rich men"; but it really affects everybody in the State, because it is a direct tax on accumulation; it must operate as an inducement to the rich to secure a domicile elsewhere, and will, if signed, no doubt lead to the removal of much accumulated wealth to other more hospitable States. Land cannot be taken away, and it might seem as if it made little difference to the aggregate wealth of New York whether a rich old New Yorker died here or in Washington; but inasmuch as every one who leaves New York takes away from the city the power of taxing him here on his personal property, it must follow that the graduated transfer tax will tend to diminish the total taxable wealth of the city for all purposes, and in that we all have an interest. The bill is not to be defended as resembling the "death duties" act in England, for there the statute applies to the whole country. In the United States a State tax has no operation beyond State boundaries, and consequently any severe system of taxation tends to defeat its own object by driving wealth across the State line. Every one knows even now some family which has moved away from New York or Boston to Washington, partly in order to live in a city where universal suffrage is not the basis of the economical system. For these reasons, the bill, though it seems to "hit" only great wealth as it passes through the Surrogate's office, really hits us all. In a letter published on Thursday, Mr. Fitch, who collects most of the existing inheritance tax in this city, states that the effect of the proposed tax, by driving wealth away, must tend to make the existing tax unproductive. The wealthy cannot go away merely to die; they go some years in advance of death, and with them goes all power to tax their personal property, in life or after it.

This is all the more true because the bill is not an isolated measure, but part of a new system of taxation, not described by any economical writers, and not openly put forward by its authors as such, but which has made great headway both at Albany and in Congress. It is really a revival of the art of taxation as practised in the Middle Ages. The system rests on the principle that

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whenever those who do not pay the taxes levy them, they soon come to regard taxes, not as a contribution to a common fund for a common purpose, but as money to spend—or, as our ruling class now says, "money to burn." The effect of this idea can be plainly seen in such a measure as the Dudley bill, the authors of which recommend it, not because it is needed to raise revenue, but because it is a good thing to get money, for obviously the more money you have to spend, the better you are off. All taxes on the rich are popular, and hence it will be easy to get them passed. The difficulty that plain people have in following our statesmen's course of reasoning about such matters is, that they still imagine the old view of taxation, as taught by Adam Smith and his followers, to be in force—that taxation is in itself an evil, and that it should therefore be made to fall as lightly as possible on those who pay. At Albany they are upholders of no such view. Taxes, there, being money collected by a class that has little or no connection with the industrial state, and is, in fact, mainly occupied in running primaries and conventions, and nominating Governors and Presidents, and carrying on the government, are regarded as a good thing; and so they are for those who are supported by them, or to whom they furnish a fund for the support of their Legislatures and Governors.

We see the same thing with regard to the tariff. The actual deficit is only $40,000,000 or $50,000,000. But Dingley wants at least $75,000,000, or perhaps $112,000,000. When we ask why, we are told because Dingley and Grosvenor and their friends have "appropriated," that is, arranged to spend, the difference. People who have levied taxes irresponsibly on others have always shown this love of taxation for its own sake, and this is one reason why it is so hard to get them to see that a particular tax may be dangerous as diminishing the fund on which they rely. Lexow defended the Dudley tax stoutly on the queer ground that it was "just."

The following table shows roughly the effect of the proposed taxation of estates:

Personal estate.	Rate per cent. to collateral heirs	Rate per cent. to direct heirs.
$10,000	5	0
$500,000	5	1
$750,000	6	1
$1,000,000	7	1
$1,250,000.	8	1½
$1,500,000.	9	2
$1,750,000.	10	2½
$2,000,000.	11	3
$2,250,000.	12	3½
$2,500,000.	13	4
$2,750,000.	14	5
$3,000,000.	15	6
$3,250,000.	15	7
$3,500,000.	15	8
$3,750,000.	15	9
$4,000,000 and upwards.	15	10

This would compel a son who inherited four millions to pay the neat little ransom of $400,000, a nephew $600,000. The present law, which yields a large revenue, imposes a tax of 5 per cent. on all personal property above $500 passing to collateral heirs, and 1 per cent. on all such estates above $10,000. The objections urged by the press generally are, first, that no additional revenue is needed; second, that the tax will fall, not on property as such, nor on productive property fitted in its nature for taxation as such, but on heirs as such, and is therefore populistic and unjust. We are glad that it has at last dawned on our contemporaries who have not been willing to "bother" with this bill in its passage, that it has actually passed. They are calling in great alarm upon the Governor to veto it. We hope he will do so, but we cannot refrain from observing that in legislative matters *obsta principiis* is a good motto.

DISINTERESTED CRITICISM.

Most people probably understand by a disinterested critic a critic who has no axes to grind—in other words, no selfish interest in the results of his criticism. It is well understood by all who have thought about the matter that unbiassed criticism in the strictest sense is impossible. Every critic must have his point of view, his taste and convictions; and he would be more or less than human if he did not feel an interest in promoting the true, beautiful, and good according to his own understanding of them. Such a natural, inevitable interest he is permitted to have, and if he has no other, we call him disinterested. It has been reserved, however, for our distinguished visitor from France to propound a somewhat different definition of the virtue in question. We are to be prejudiced, it seems, against our own prejudices. Said M. Brunetière in his discourse upon recent French poetry:

"The first condition of critical disinterestedness is never to follow one's tastes, and to begin by distrusting the things which give us pleasure. The most delicious dishes are not the most wholesome; we never fail to distinguish between our cooks and our doctors. In the moral world the beginning of virtue is to distrust what is most natural to us, and the same is true in the intellectual world. To distrust what we like is the beginning of wisdom in art and literature."

A critical maxim laid down by so good a critic as M. Brunetière certainly deserves careful attention, and is probably right in some sense or other. Nevertheless, the doctrine here propounded, if taken at all literally, seems to lead to some rather curious results. Suppose we apply it to literary criticism itself, which is a form of art. Suppose that I have a genuine fondness for critics of the urbane, open-minded sort, like M. Brunetière, (?) or Sainte-Beuve, or Matthew Arnold. I really like their breadth of view, their deftness of touch. They are my taste, my predilection. Is it, then, the "beginning of wisdom" that I distrust this taste, and commence hunting about for reasons why I should prefer a critical Berserker, like, say, Max Nordau? What is the use of having a taste if we are to distrust it and let it make us unhappy? Where is one to stop in his career of self-distrust? Is the dread of narrow Pharisaism to deprive us for ever of all comfort in our own way of looking at things? It is a gloomy thought. One would almost prefer to go with Oscar Wilde in his lordly distrust of other people. "Ah, don't say that you agree with me," sighed Oscar. "When people agree with me I always feel that I must be wrong."

We cannot help thinking, too, that M. Brunetière's analogy of the delicious but unwholesome dishes is a little misleading. The primary object of eating is to nourish the body, not to please the palate. In good modern practice, to be sure, our feeding has become something of a fine art; but after all, the most refined eater must admit, if he has any philosophy, that the final test of the goodness of food is its usefulness for nourishment. Take that quality away, and it becomes bad, however appetizing it may be. When, therefore, I am offered a particularly toothsome dish, knowing as I do that toothsome dishes are often unwholesome, I very properly refer the matter to my doctor for an opinion on the main issue; and if he decides that the thing is unwholesome, that ought to settle the matter. With the work of art, on the other hand, pleasingness, in the broad sense of the word, is the final test of excellence. Its usefulness is to please. There is no higher court of appeal, no doctor with exact scientific tests who has a right to pronounce it good though disagreeable, or bad, though acceptable to the taste. It is true that the moralist often arrogates to himself this right, but he is only a fallible brother expressing an opinion. One is a moralist one's self. When I am told that what I like is bad, or that what I don't like is good, with reference, possibly, to the kingdom of heaven or to some remote sociological issue on earth, I may feel that I know just as much about the matter as my mentor. He does not speak with the authority of the doctor.

Of course this reasoning does not apply to the young, whose tastes are in the formative stage, or to the mentally indolent who have never reflected on their own tastes. In the interest of education such persons may very well take to heart the maxim to distrust their own taste. But it is hardly to be supposed that M. Brunetière meant to offer a pedagogical prescription.

Again, it is quite true that in morals "the beginning of virtue is to distrust what is most natural to us"—but why? Is it not because the purpose of morality is to discipline our instincts, habits, and passions by lifting them into the sphere of conscious ideation and making them amenable to some higher rule of conduct? Duty requires us to subordinate personal pleasure to a sense of right, but literature ministers to our pleasure as a thing good in itself. Thus, I have not the same reason for distrusting my taste in literature (supposing that I have reached years of discretion and have done a little independent thinking) that I have for suspecting my natural inclinations when it is a question of conduct.

Look at it as we may, it is difficult to establish a compelling argument, on moral or gastronomic analogies, in favor of distrusting one's own taste in literature merely because it is one's own. Probably no one ever really does it. And yet the thing aimed at in M. Brunetière's prescription is commendable. He no doubt wished to urge the importance of a catholic scientific temper, which is undeniably a good thing for the student of literature. One who would get the full liberalizing benefit of literary study and be

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in a position to deal wisely with literary questions, must indeed beware of following his own taste exclusively. He must be content to spend much time over writings that give him no immediate pleasure, and to look for his reward not in the æsthetic sphere but in the scholar's sense of mastery. Mindful that what bores or offends him may be enjoyed by other people, he will be led to study the psychological processes of those other people, to put himself in their place and examine their arguments from their point of view. In so doing he will often be led gradually to modify his own attitude and to discover that his taste is really not so admirable as he once supposed it to be. But in making this continual readjustment, the important thing would seem to be not so much to distrust one's own taste as rather to be willing to make it the subject of deliberate reflection and comparison. This is really the perfection of the scientific temper when one is able to philosophize calmly over one's own prejudices.

A NEW FAUST.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., April 19, 1897.

RARELY has the mysterious affinity between the extremes of realism and symbolism been illustrated as strikingly as now in the gradual unfolding of Gerhart Hauptmann's poetic genius. Hauptmann is one of those fascinating men whose character seems to baffle all attempts at rational analysis. He is at the same time the most modern of the moderns and the most devout worshipper of the traditions of the past, an iconoclast and a dreamer, a pantheist and an inspired interpreter of mediæval Christianity, a socialist and an upholder of personal freedom, an impressionist painter of the most uncompromising kind and a lyric poet of the deepest feeling and the most delicate sensibility. At times he speaks as though he saw before him a new age of exalted humanity, as though he would lead his people forward on the path of liberty and spiritual progress; and then again he seems like a child lost in the wilderness of an outworn civilization, he flees from the shallow brilliancy of modern society to the primitive sturdiness of the fairy tale, and, in the midst of a career full of restless striving and ambition, he dreams himself back to the sombre seclusion of his Silesian mountain home. He is crude and refined, heavy and graceful, pessimistic and buoyant, flippant and sublime; and in all these changes he is always and unfailingly true to himself.

He began with lurid scenes from contemporary life, in which it was easy to detect the influence of Ibsen and Zola. But even in the atrocious vulgarity of "Vor Sonnenaufgang" and in the hopeless gloom of "Das Friedensfest" there appeared a strain quite foreign alike to the cynic bitterness of the Norwegian and to the proletarian ferociousness of the Frenchman: a deep, silent craving for purity and childlike innocence. Next, there followed "Einsame Menschen," a masterpiece of psychological analysis, vibrating with the profoundest chords of modern thought, bringing out in figures of wonderful lifelikeness the tragedy of moral emancipation unaided by moral greatness. Then came "Die Weber," a modern Triumph of Death, a cry of sympathy with suffering humanity as genuine and heart-stirring as any word of lamentation or scorn uttered by the prophets of old. Then a strange pair of unlike brothers: "Der Biberpelz," a gross satire of the Prussian police officer in search for crimes of leze-majesty, and "Hannele," a glorification of the spiritualistic elements of the Christian belief. Then the historical drama, "Florian Geyer," a work both grand and ordinary, irresistible and intolerable, a most faithful—perhaps too faithful—reproduction of the sixteenth century, with its democratic aspirations, its reformatory zeal, its popular heroism, fanaticism, and savagery, but somehow lacking in the finer human emotions. And now, finally, "Die versunkene Glocke," a fantastic vision, transporting us into lonely forests haunted by elfs and water-sprites, and strangely illumined by the flicker of swarming glow-worms.

It is almost impossible to give an adequate conception of this "fairy drama" which now for months has been delighting Berlin audiences. The time of the action is somewhere in the Middle Ages. The principal character is a figure belonging to the race of *Faust*, *Manfred*, and *Brand:* Meister Heinrich, a bellfounder in a lonely village of the Riesengebirge. It is evidently not long since Christianity made its way into these remote regions, for we hear that the mountain elfs are disgusted with the unaccustomed sight of church-building going on in the midst of their retreats, and still more with the unaccustomed sound of the church bells ringing through the peace of the forests. Just now one of these malicious spirits has seized the opportunity of venting his spite. He has lain in wait when a bell wrought by Master Henry and destined for a chapel on the mountain summit was being carted up the hill; he has broken the wheel of the truck, and has hurled the bell and its maker down into the lake. Here is the beginning of the action. Henry, rallying, but as yet hardly conscious of his steps, gropes his way upward again, and wanders about in aimless despair through the rocky wilderness. Finally he sinks down exhausted. His cries of agony have been overheard by Rautendelein, a strange mixture of elf and maiden; and for the first time there has been awakened in her breast the dim feeling of a higher life and the blind desire to win it. So, when the villagers come to carry Henry's nearly lifeless body back to the valley, Rautendelein follows them, determined to see and to know "the land of men." Disguised as a servant, she enters the house where Henry, attended by his faithful wife, lies at the point of death. He is delirious. His life seems to him a failure; the comforting words of his wife sound to him like mockery; he persuades himself that she has no conception of what it is to feel the creative impulse and to have it checked by brutal fate; he is sure that she does not understand him, that nobody understands him; he curses his work; he wishes to die. At this moment Rautendelein appears, and the sight of this unbroken youthful life brings back to him his own youthful aspirations. It is as though Nature herself had touched him and renewed his strength, as though she beckoned him to throw away the commonplace cares and duties of ordinary social existence and to follow him to the heights of a free, unfettered, creative activity. He cannot resist. The supreme desire for unhampered exercise of his faculties restores his health; the delirious despondency leaves him; he is himself again.

When the scene changes, Rautendelein has led him back into the mountains. She now appears as his inspiring genius. He is in the fulness of his powers; he is raised above the petty conflict of good and evil. He has won control over the spirits that dwell in rock and cavern; with their help he is creating a wonder work of art, a temple structure on highest mountain peak whose melodious chime is to call free humanity to the festival of universal brotherhood. Wrapt up in these ecstatic visions he has entirely lost sight of his former life. He seems not to know that once he had a loving wife and children. He scorns the friendly warning of the village priest, who ventures into his enchanted wilderness in order to save his soul. He defies the onslaught of the peasants who attempt to storm his fastness in order to annihilate the godless blasphemer. He quiets occasional pangs of conscience by renewed feverish work; only at night he lies restless and is visited by fearful dreams. More and more, however, these evil forebodings get the better of him. Again and again he hears a strange sound that seems to draw him downward, he recognizes in it the tolling of the bell that lies at the bottom of the mountain lake. What causes the bell to give the sound? Who is that pale, ghastly figure floating toward it and striking its tongue? And who are these shadowy forms of little children, coming slowly and sadly toward him, and carrying with great effort a heavily filled urn? Breathless with horror, he addresses them. "What carry ye?" "Father, we carry an urn." "What is in the urn?" "Father, something bitter." "What is the something bitter?" "Father, our mother's tears." "Where is your mother?" "Where the water-lilies grow."

Now, at last, Henry sees that he has overstepped the bounds set to man. The whole wretchedness of his imagined grandeur is revealed to him with terrible clearness. He drives Rautendelein away with calumny and cursing. He destroys with his own hand the work which had been to him the symbol of a perfect humanity. He resolves to descend again to the fellowship of mortals. But it is too late. The superhuman striving has consumed his strength. In his last moment Rautendelein appears to him once more; she has returned into her own realm, she has become the wife of an ugly old water-sprite who had wooed her for years. But she is still longing for human affections, and she presses a fervent kiss upon the lips of the dying one.

The drama thus hastily outlined is to us a messenger of good tidings. It is a fresh evidence of a fact which has recently become manifest in more ways than one: the fact that Germany is preparing again to take a leading part in the literature of the world. Especially the German realistic drama of the last decade has shown a fertility of motives and a constructive energy far superior to that of recent dramatic productions in England or France. But most of these realistic dramas are in too pronounced a manner children of the age to have a long life before them; they are rather clever dramatic essays on social, religious, or philosophical questions of immediate and acute interest than works of art which permanently satisfy. In "Die versunkene Glocke" for the first time we hear once more the unmistakable ring of the universally human. Here we are made to feel once more the eternal longing of the human heart for a happiness that lies beyond the things seen or heard. Here we are brought face to face once more with an ideal striving far transcending all interest

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in so-called questions of the day. Here we are indeed reminded of the artistic temper which created the type of *Faust*.

To be sure, the form of this drama is too fantastic to appeal to all persons or to all times. It needs a special frame of mind to find out the instinctive striving after nature which underlies even its grotesque artificialities. German critics have with good reason pointed out the affinity between this drama and the paintings of Boecklin. Hauptmann and Boecklin belong, indeed, together. Both are endowed with an extraordinary sensibility, both feel an irrepressible desire to reproduce the sounds and sights of nature exactly as they hear and see them. But both hear and see not only the sounds and sights of nature, they are equally strongly affected by the discordant impressions of their social environment; and in order not to be disturbed by these, they strain their receptive organs to such an extent that the water looks bluer to them than it does to the normal eye, and the wind roars more wildly to them than it does to the normal ear. This is especially true of "Die versunkene Glocke." There is a note of exaggeration in it which takes away from its sincerity. And delightful as this company of roving, rollicking, swaggering, half malicious, half good-natured earth-spirits is which forms the elemental background of the dramatic action, we are hardly more than amused by it. The true simplicity of the fairy tale is for the most part absent.

But this objection does not touch the central conception of the drama. Hauptmann has created a work which treats the old *Faust* theme of man's superhuman aspirations in a new and fascinating manner. We may confidently hope that his youthful genius, which has given us so much already that is fine and true, will give us something still finer and truer. He is now approaching his full maturity. May he live himself out completely and harmoniously. May he go on, undisturbed by fame or slander, unmoved by the wrangle between literary cliques, unmindful of the meaningless warcries of romanticism and classicism, to bring forth what is in him. If he does this, he seems destined to accomplish what his Meister Heinrich strove for in vain: to build a temple of art in which all ages and all nations may worship. KUNO FRANCKE.

EAST INDIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DUBLIN, April 13, 1897.

IN the early fifties there may have been some excuse for the people of the United Kingdom considering themselves before the rest of the world in some respects. They prided themselves especially on their humanity. They appeared to have fully adopted the principles of free trade. They had abolished slavery in their colonies. They believed they had extended to the furthest confines of the empire those principles of freedom and equality under which, in Curran's time, on British soil alone the slave stood "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation." The empire had extended widely over the globe. It was free to every nationality, and within its confines was known no distinction, "Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free." In all these respects we were inclined to consider ourselves innately superior to other peoples, guided by clearer reason, impelled by loftier motives.

The experiences of subsequent years have, however, tended considerably to modify our self-satisfaction. Subjected to the same tests, placed in similar circumstances, we have fallen short like other mortals. Our apparent superiority lay not within our own natures, but in our circumstances, and those of our own people who had sought homes abroad under our flag. Under the stress of the Indian mutiny and the Jamaica rebellion, we developed a brutality as great as was ever shown by a civilized people, and which men of the highest culture attempted to justify. We defied ordinary canons of warfare as much as did Napoleon on his retreat from Syria. When the War of the Rebellion broke out, it was soon manifest how little British theoretical ideas concerning liberty prevailed as against aristocratic prejudices and supposed material interests. As our colonies were conceded self-government and came under democratic influences, they adopted protectionist principles. We censured the Chinese immigration restriction laws of California; but Australia and New Zealand, when the shoe pinched, followed suit with regulations as exclusive. The New Zealand Maoris, those that were left, fought their way to respect, but elsewhere in our colonies has developed color prejudice as marked in proportion to the exigencies of the situation as in your Southern States.

Equal laws concerning the rights of citizens in all portions of the empire—more especially in India—still subsisted. Whatever the attitude of our colonists towards colored foreigners, the rights of British-born subjects, of whatever race, stood intact. In the Queen's proclamation after the Mutiny, confirmed by Viceroys upon numerous occasions, the Indian people were supposed to possess guarantees for equal treatment as inviolable as the provisions of Magna Charta. "We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects; and those obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil." The letter and spirit of this proclamation have been set at naught by recent doings in South Africa, flagrantly in contravention of the theory of an empire guaranteeing equal rights and immunities to all subjects. The question has aroused widespread indignation in India, especially among those classes whose contentment with the general policy of the empire is essential to the peace of the country.

The population of India increases rapidly and encroaches upon the means of subsistence. South Africa is the nearest outlet for emigration. The climate is congenial; and thither numbers of Indians have repaired—educated Parsee and other merchants to trade; men of the middle class as shopkeepers and clerks; coolies and hosts of the humbler classes as laborers—perhaps 100,000 altogether. While all were at first welcomed as helpful towards the development of the country, all alike have been subjected to disabilities by color prejudice and by law. The subject was treated at the Indian National Congress of 1894. "Papers relating to the grievances of H. M. Indian subjects in the South African Republic (The Transvaal)" were presented to Parliament in September, 1895. Concerning wrongs in Natal, forty of the principal Indian residents there memorialized Mr. Chamberlain in February, 1896. Later, M. K. Gandhi, a Hindu barrister, long resident in South Africa, returned to India to arouse public interest in the subject. His address at Bombay, last September, has been published; also the memorial to Lord George Hamilton, from the Hon. Pherozeshah M. Mehta, C.I.E., chairman of one of the meetings, which he addressed. Mr. Gandhi says:

"The general feeling throughout South Africa is that of hatred towards the Indians, encouraged by the newspapers and connived at, even countenanced, by the legislators. Every Indian without exception is a coolie in the estimation of the general body of the Europeans. . . . Naturally neither the traders nor the English-educated Indians are treated with any degree of respect. Wealth and abilities in an Indian count for naught in that country except to serve the interests of the European colonists. . . . In most parts of South Africa we may not stir out of our houses after nine P. M. unless we are armed with passes from our employers. . . . Hotels shut their doors against us. We cannot make use of the tram-cars unmolested. . . . Public baths are not for the Indians. The high schools are not open for the Indians. . . . Even the primary schools are not quite open to the Indians. An Indian missionary schoolmaster was driven out of an English church in Verulam, a small village in Natal. . . . Such is the general feeling against the Indian in South Africa, except the Portuguese territories, where he is respected and has no grievance apart from the general population. You can easily imagine how difficult it must be for a respectable Indian to exist in such a country. . . . Ours is one continued struggle against degradation sought to be inflicted upon us by the Europeans, who desire to degrade us to the level of a raw Kaffir."

"Except the Portuguese territories, where he is respected and has no grievance apart from the general population"!—how little cause has Protestantism to vaunt its humanity as superior to that of Catholicism, where prejudices or interests supervene!

The South African States in which the general treatment of British Indian subjects is above described, are (1) those independent of British control (such as the Orange Free State); (2) those under British suzerainty (the Transvaal); (3) those under British protection (Zanzibar); (4) independent colonies (the Cape and Natal); with (5) a crown colony (Zululand).

Concerning the treatment of Indians in the Orange Free State, the United Kingdom has no direct responsibility and control. It could protest, as did the Italian Government regarding the murder of Italians in New Orleans. This it has not done, as it would concerning like treatment of white citizens. The Transvaal was conceded independence under what is known as the "London Convention." "All persons, other than natives, conforming themselves to the laws" were guaranteed full liberty of ingress, residence, and egress, the right to "hire or possess houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops," and to "carry on their commerce, either in person or by any agents whom they may think fit to employ." The dissatisfaction of British Indian natives at the manner in which these provisions were ignored regarding them was such that in 1895 the British Government referred the case as between it and the Transvaal in this matter to the arbitrament of the Chief Justice of the Orange Free State. He decided in favor of the Transvaal, largely upon the ground that Lord Derby, Secretary of State, in 1885, gave "an assurance that H. M. Government will not desire to insist upon any such construction of the terms of the Convention as would interfere with reasonable legislation" to dis-

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courage the "general influx of foreign colored natives." Thus, while English sentiment now appears inclined to justify a raid on a friendly state because British white citizens are delayed in their attainment of political rights, it makes no complaint, though British colored citizens are debarred from ever acquiring citizenship or property, are permitted to settle temporarily only upon registry and payment of a fee of £25, and, when settled, must inhabit only special streets, wards, and locations, are debarred the use of the sidewalks, and restricted on railways to the third class.

In the recent disturbances in Zanzibar, under British protection, while, say Indian memorialists, "Her Majesty's European subjects were given the opportunity of going to the consulate and on board the English ship for protection, and their localities guarded by troops of police, no provision was at all made for us." They were robbed of their property, and some of them killed. The Cape has passed laws, agreed to by the Home Government, authorizing a municipality to frame by-laws prohibiting Indians from the use of sidewalks, and restricting them to specified localities. In Natal, the Chamberlain has given the royal assent to an act excluding from the franchise British subjects not born in countries possessing parliamentary institutions. This excludes, and was meant to exclude, British Indians. An "Immigration Law Amendment Bill" is now under consideration by which Indian immigrant laborers must serve under a five-years' indenture, must pay an annual poll-tax of £3 (equivalent to six months' wages) or leave the country. Laws in force prevent Indians from being out of their houses after nine P. M. without a pass, and from driving cattle without a pass. In Zululand, a Crown colony, under the control of the Home Office through the Governor of Natal, in recent sales of land only persons of European birth or descent have been permitted to purchase; and then under an agreement that if at any time purchasers or their representatives or heirs permit such land to be occupied otherwise than by persons of European birth or descent, it will revert to the Crown.

These varied disabilities, sufferings, and wrongs have been most strikingly forced upon public attention, both in India and at home, by Mr. Gandhi during his mission to his native country. In the treatment meted out to him on his return to Natal, at the hands of the people whose conduct towards his countrymen he had exposed, we are reminded of early abolition days in the United States. When his steamer was signalled, a crowd of indignant whites collected, who mobbed him, upon his landing, with stones and beating. At length, rescued and taken to a friend's house, stones and other missiles were thrown against it, while "several stump speeches were made."

Neither great branch of the English-speaking family can, in truth, plume itself upon its peculiar innate virtues or immunity from failings. At the same time, the Constitution of the United States, with equal laws (broken or outraged, it is true, by sectional prejudices), would appear likely more rapidly to tend towards equal liberty and equal rights than the Constitution of the British Empire, under which imperial prejudices and differences of rights and immunities are sanctioned by unequal laws. D. B.

Correspondence.

GREECE AND CRETE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just read in the *Nation* of March 18 the letter signed "W. J. S." on "The Motive of Greek Intervention." I hope that an answer to the assertions of the writer from persons better qualified than I can be, may have reached you ere this letter shall have crossed the Mediterranean and the Atlantic.

I will not trespass upon your space by entering into all the matters touched by your correspondent, nor have I the right to complain of the systematic animosity he displays against my country. I believe that his virulence of pen will have put your readers on guard as to the amount of fairness underlying the whole of his violent philippic, and will limit my observations to a few of the points which constitute the basis of his invective.

He asserts that "not an inch of Greek territory has ever been won by Greek effort." I cannot suppose that he really ignores how and when the Greek Revolution began and was concluded. It broke out in 1821, and was carried on with desperate vigor for several years, until the Sultan, unable to cope with his revolted and successful subjects, called for help upon the Pasha of Egypt. It was only in 1827 that France, England, and Russia, unwillingly intervening, destroyed at Navarino the Turko-Egyptian fleet, and subsequently they obtained from the Porte the recognition of the independence of Greece. The gratefulness of the Greeks to these three Powers cannot make them forget that the independence secured in 1830, after nearly ten years' war, for only 600,000 souls, had cost the lives of 300,000 of their kinsfolk (see Herzberg, 'Geschichte Griechenlands,' iv., p. 590).

"W. J. S." cannot, furthermore, ignore the fact that the then liberated portion of Greece had not fought alone for independence. Crete had all along taken an active part in the common struggle, and had as much right as the rest to be included in the newly formed kingdom. Her claims were put aside in spite of her protestations and the protestations of Greece, as well as of those of Prince Leopold, the future King of Belgium, whose refusal of the crown of Greece was mainly based on the mutilation of his would-be kingdom by Crete being cut off from its boundaries. Nor must the fact be forgotten that Crete, as well as Samos, was not then given over to the Sultan. While Samos, exclusively inhabited by Christian Greeks, was made autonomous, Crete was ceded to the Pasha of Egypt, and was recovered by Turkey only after the latter's revolt in 1840.

But "W. J. S." asserts that Greece, not caring for the independence of Crete, regards the island as a means for the aggrandizement of the Hellenic Kingdom; that in 1866-'69, and at subsequent periods, she prevented the liberation of that island in any other form than that of annexation to Greece. He makes Greece responsible for the misfortunes of Crete, and implies that it is owing to intrigues from Athens, not to the firm and spontaneous will of the Cretans, that in their ever-repeated revolutions they have constantly declared that union to Greece was, is, and ever will be their only aim. Fortunately, there are blue-books and official documents enough to prove the contrary. These are not over-difficult of access, but Prof. G. Streit of Athens University has just published in a convenient form a collection of documents emanating from the lawful representatives of Crete, whose perusal I would venture to recommend to "W. J. S." From 1821 down to the present year, in all their outbreaks and on all other possible occasions, the Cretans have made it clear that their unchangeable will is to see their union with the mother-country effected. This object not having as yet been attained, the privileges and autonomies wrested each time from Turkey, to be each time trodden upon, were by the Cretans accepted as a temporary alleviation of their lot until the day of liberty and union should come at last.

"W. J. S.," indeed, bewails the fate of Crete were it ever to be governed from Athens, and dilates upon "the various reasons for its absolute separation from Greece." The Cretans must feel very grateful to your correspondent for the tenderness thus bestowed upon them and the care taken of their future welfare; but it must be admitted that they are the best judges as to where their true interests lie. They have come often enough to Greece, as refugees from Turkish oppression and misgovernment, to know the evils they would find themselves exposed to by sharing the fortunes of their mother-country. In spite of all its shortcomings, Greece is far from deserving the wholesale condemnation passed upon it by your correspondent; but even if it were "one of the worst failures of European constitutionalism," he may be assured that the Cretans, and the other Greeks still in bondage, would not the less yearn to be united to it. National feeling is not fettered by material considerations. While claiming to form part of the Hellenic kingdom, the Ionians knew that Greek administration could not compare with the English. Experience has since shown them still better the difference. But who could dare to say or think that, were a plébiscite to be taken now in the seven islands, the ayes would have it for a return under British protection? Let the same experiment be tried in Cyprus, governed as it is by England, or in Samos, in spite of its autonomy! There is a bond, stronger than your correspondent seems to realize, in common nationality. No better proof of it can be had than the numbers of Greeks from beyond our borders, as far away as the shores of the Caucasus, daily flocking to Athens to enlist as volunteers in the army gathered under our national colors.

Your correspondent characterizes as an "infamous treason" the conduct of the Greek ministry in advising the Cretans to yield in 1869, after all chances of further resistance had vanished. Such *treason*, unfortunately, has had to be repeated since more than once. It was repeated last year, when the Greek Government used all its influence in support of the great Powers, when they had once more recourse to their unavailing palliative of an autonomy. What was to be expected happened earlier than was anticipated. The Cretan Mohammedans, instigated from Constantinople, had recourse to fire and sword, in order to foil the application of the last—or last but one—form of autonomy invented and guaranteed

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by the great Powers of Europe. Refugees from the towns of Crete came once more in thousands to seek shelter among us; the mountaineers took to arms; a fresh revolution broke out, the war-cry being, as ever, "Union with Greece." This time Greece did not wait patiently for the work of diplomacy. She took the matter up. She was so little prepared for the event that her ironclads were at the time repairing at Toulon, and her military preparations were not even begun. Still, answering to the call of Crete, she sent there a small detachment of her small army.

That was a bold stroke, no doubt. It proved successful in so far as it forced the great Powers to take a new course, which they would not otherwise have taken. They declared that Crete is to be taken out of the immediate control of Turkey. This is a first step in the right direction. May the Powers be timely convinced that their new receipt of autonomy will not prove a remedy for the chronic disease which they have undertaken to cure. Whatever happens, Greece has not, so far, to repent of its behavior. Your correspondent condemns it on the plea of "international law." I do not know if he has any claim to be accepted as an authority on that head, or whether he merely repeats what has been advanced on the subject by diplomatists and journalists. I only know that the best recognized authorities have expressed quite a different opinion. I may refer your correspondent to the *Gazette de Lausanne* of February 26 last; to the *Revue de Droit International et de Législation Comparée*, No. 1, 1897 (the articles in both known to be from the highest authority on the subject), and lastly to an article in the March number of the *Nuova Antologia*, by Signor E. Catellani, the well-known professor of international law at the University of Padua. These I hold to be better expounders of international law than those who take their stand upon the right of the stronger. According to the view of the writers just cited, all independent states, whether small or great, are equals; each of them has a right of interference with a neighboring state in case of occurrences imperilling its tranquillity or safety—the case becoming stronger when the state interfering has to defend kinsfolk living and incurring danger in the said neighboring state. If Greece had no right to interfere in Crete, by what *right* are the great Powers interfering there in the way they do? It is true that Calvo, another recognized authority, states ('Traité Théorique et Pratique de Droit International,' i., p. 177) that "intervention in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire is nowadays a part, so to say, of the customary right of Europe"; but he does not add that this right is, by international law, limited to great Powers alone.

Greece is but a small—a very small—Power. She is now going through a terrible crisis. Her main force lies in the justice of her cause and in the moral support she may find in the sympathy of free nations. This she expected, above all, to find in America, whom distance from our regions keeps out of the conflict of interests, of the covetousnesses and jealousies which lie at the bottom of the so-called European Concert. Our expectations did not prove vain. The sympathies manifested in your free and great country are worth a victory to Greece! May I express the regret that a discordant voice, even if coming from Rome, should have found an echo in your columns?

Yours truly, D. Bikélas.

Athens, April 14, 1897.

TWO SHAKSPERE PORTRAITS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. John Corbin's description, in the May *Harper's Magazine*, of two neglected Shakspere portraits, will prove no less interesting to the small band of Shakspere students than to the greater reading public which it immediately addresses. But the professed student of Shakspere will wish a more categorical answer than the article affords to such questions as, "May I believe in either portrait? or in one rather than the other?" and Mr. Corbin's paper will yield the answer only to those who divine, in its carefully guarded impartiality, disbelief in the so-called Droeshout original and decided preference for the Ely Palace portrait. I ask the courtesy of your columns, then, only to emphasize certain important conclusions which are, as I feel, implicit in Mr. Corbin's essay.

The question is, fortunately, not one for the connoisseur, with his recondite and perhaps unduly mistrusted criteria; the mere layman, standing before the Droeshout original and using his eyes, will find abundant evidence of "ways that are dark" in its painting. He will note that whoever painted the portrait not only painted it over an older picture, but selected a panel at that time visibly worm-eaten. Witness the many cases where the paint has lapped into or partly filled the worm-holes (holes made after the painting are of course clean-cut), and if he be of a suspicious turn of mind, he can only conclude that a fabricator of Shakspere portraits did

"The same, with intent to deceive"

the pious, but unwary, British Shakspere-fancier. He will further note that the portrait is strangely inconsistent in technique, as if by two hands. In the main, smooth, and dry, in handling after the manner of Oliver, certain passages are thickly and coarsely brushed. The amateur critic, remembering that the crudest painter is at least consistent in his style, or absence of style, will see in this illogical combination of smooth and rough a superficial device for gaining archaic effect. The observer will find something charmingly naïve in the script "Wilm Shakespeare," as it were an endorsement, on the panel; and as he leaves the Memorial Building he will regret that its management has been taken in by that most obvious of fabrications, a carefully doctored copy of the Droeshout print.

The Ely Palace portrait in the Birthplace will strike the now suspicious visitor favorably. It is apparently a life portrait executed in the smooth, careful manner of its date, 1603, and, until the contrary is shown, one may clearly believe in it. If authentic, it must be the original of the Droeshout print, for identity of pose, of costume, etc., forbid any other theory. The angular, accented contours of the print as compared with the flaccid outlines of the painted picture may, at first sight, discredit such a conclusion; but they are in reality rather to be taken as characteristics of an engraver's pen copy, and the dry technique of a poor engraver would have still further emphasized them. And since Mr. Corbin's paper shows that Shakspere portraits were not uncommon, the print might have been made from a replica of the Ely Palace portrait, which already showed hardening of the contours.

The Droeshout original, then, is obviously "manufactured" from the print, as Dr. Furnivall has stoutly maintained. The Ely Palace portrait, if it is what it seems, is the authoritative portrait of Shakspere, for the print is merely a caricature of it, and the Stratford bust suffered mutilation in the cutting. Some one who knows old English portraits—here we need the connoisseur—must tell us what we may believe in the matter. This is the important word that Mr. Corbin's valuable study suggests to the present writer.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

Williams College, April 29, 1897.

INDENTURED SERVANTS IN THE COLONIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Wilson Miles Cary, writing about the will of Col. John Carter, in last week's *Nation*, probably did not think it necessary to point out that the language of the will really meant, Secure a proper tutor under an indenture for my son Robert, etc. I think many people overlook the broad meaning of the term servant in England and in the American colonies before it became confused with slave there.

The facts that have come to my knowledge are far too few to justify me in asserting the opinion I none the less hold, that, over and above the large number of convicts and political prisoners who arrived in Virginia as transported servants, there were a considerable number of perfectly respectable people who came to the colonies to seek their fortune under those conditions. Is it not possible that the young English gentleman who came to this country a few years ago and paid a farmer in Virginia for permission to work with him and for him a year or two, before buying the worn-out farm in which he subsequently sunk his money, would, had he come when transportation and communication were far more difficult, in the seventeenth or early eighteenth century, have been indentured by an anxious parent, before sailing, to the ship-captain, who would thereby be able to exercise control over him until he was safely consigned to respectable and responsible hands in the colony?

I write this chiefly to ask if there is in existence a book containing a careful examination of this subject, and, if not, that some one with access to records or facts will take it up in the columns of the *Nation*, for the benefit of the large number of people just now exercised as to how their ancestors came to this country.—Truly yours,

T. L. Burwell.

Mt. Savage, Md., April 25, 1897.

"NARRATIVE OF JAMES WILLIAMS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the article you published last week, P. K. Foley makes it quite clear that the 'Narrative of James Williams' was written by J. G. Whittier. I find by reference to files of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, edited by Whittier, that he speaks of it as his work. In the issue of September 13, 1838, he says

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the story of the fugitive "was written down from his lips by ourself," and after stating that the accuracy of the narrative has been denied, he adds: "Our cause needs no support of a doubtful character; and if the narrative in any essential particular is untrue, the slave-holders of Virginia and Alabama would confer a favor upon us by immediately producing testimony to that effect." He publishes the statements of reputable Virginians that the names of persons and places mentioned in the 'Narrative' are incorrect, and also the report of the executive committee of the Anti-Slavery Society directing that the sale of the work be discontinued. SAMUEL T. PICKARD.

16 CUMBERLAND STREET, BOSTON.

THE QUAKER IN FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his excellent book on 'Progress in Language,' p. 269, Jespersen quotes a remarkable case of attempted Quaker dialect which was heard in New Bedford and reported in my article on the Dative-Nominative, *American Journal of Philology*, vol. iv. A woman not of the faith addressed two or three Quaker visitors with "Won't *thee all* walk into this room?" I have not now at hand the earlier (Danish) edition of Jespersen's book; but I think he called attention to a parallel case in his own tongue. This delightful blunder now comes to light in print. Harper's *Round Table*, April 13, 1897, has a story, called "The Painted Desert," by Kirk Munroe. One of the characters is a Quaker "professor." A genuine Quaker of the old school, now rapidly disappearing, will prove to be a very picturesque character when he gets into fiction; but the real Quaker is unknown in fiction. Even Bayard Taylor, who knew him, failed to draw him in any satisfactory figure, while the conventional Quaker of novelists, from Addison and Fielding down to modern immortals, is a most depressing caricature. Even the search for that "extinct mammal" of Paris, about which Mr. Stevenson discoursed so humorously, could not be more vain than the attempt to find reality in the novelists' Quaker. In addition to his ridiculous or impossible farings, he is forced to talk an outrageous lingo made up of copious Scripture—always avoided by Friends in their familiar conversation—curious or obsolete grammatical forms, and a sort of refrain or burden to the effect that the spirit moveth him. Perhaps a Quaker uses this phrase apart from his sermons, and perhaps a clergyman opens his ordinary conversation by reciting the General Confession. The Quaker of fiction is humorous, of course; and his humor consists in this application of solemn phrases to the trivial and the jocose. Well, the Quaker of the old school had plenty of humor; but it did not lie that way.

I remember a case in point. A prominent Friend of New Bedford, with a rather feeble voice, joined me on the street one day, and I proceeded to make conversation—intelligent conversation. "What," I queried loudly, and pompously, "what, in thy opinion, is the cause of this unprecedented decline of your leading industry here—this astonishing falling-off in the profits of the whaling interest?" His eyes twinkled as I bent over him to catch the answer. "No whales," he said. Fancy the novelists' Quaker saying anything like that!

But let us hear Mr. Munroe. He has quite properly banished the once inevitable "thou," which the colloquial usage of Friends ignores precisely as ordinary colloquial usage ignores that other nominative, "ye"; but while "thou" is shunned, "thee" is used in the impossible fashion noted above. On p. 584 the "professor" is talking to two boys. "*Thee has* had a more merciful escape than *thy* foolishness deserved. . . . I hereby forbid *thee both* to descend. . . . *Now thee may go to thy beds.*"

Mr. Munroe uses the prevailing form, "thee is," "thee goes." "Thee are," "thee go," are heard occasionally in New England—witness Whittier's familiar letters—and even in England. A few Friends, convinced of erring grammar, laboriously employ the "thou," precisely as if one should try to restore the "correct" nominative, "ye"; but "thee" is the kindly household word. It is still heard in many a home where the inmates have long since forsaken the creed of their fathers, but cling to the only chance offered by our language to establish such a difference as the German prizes in his *Du* and *Sie*. F. B. G.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, May 1, 1897.

WHY NOT A NEW PARTY?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Do not the times cry out for the formation of a new party as loudly as when the Republican party was first organized? After the exhibition we have had of a narrow partisan spirit in Congress; after the course pursued by a Republican Governor and Legislature in the Empire State of New York, in relation to civil-service reform, has any upright, intelligent, progressive voter any further use for the Republican party?

Is there any more hope in Democracy? Have not the political leaders who control the masses of that party deliberately opposed its better elements, and thwarted the wise designs of its chief? It may be that the sound-money Democracy may form a nucleus for such a party as the country needs—for which the writer has elsewhere suggested a name, "The Old Democracy." Possibly, a totally new name and new departure are needed. But do give us a party which appeals to the moral sense of the country, and for which one can vote without a blush!

Thousands, I have no doubt, have cast their last vote for any Republican or Democratic ticket. W. ALLEN JOHNSON.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., May 1, 1897.

Notes.

CURTIS & CAMERON, Boston, whose "Copley Prints" began two years ago with a reproduction of Sargent's mural decorations of the Boston Public Library, now announce a continuance with the entire series of the corresponding decorations in the National Library at Washington. They will be published in several sizes, together with other decorations from the Boston Library, and paintings from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston, will publish for Mrs. Burton Harrison 'A Son of the Old Dominion,' a pre-Revolutionary historical novel, with Washington for one of the characters.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will shortly publish 'My Father as I Recall Him,' by Mamie Dickens, daughter of the novelist.

'The Treatment of Nature in Dante's Divina Commedia,' by Prof. L. Oscar Kuhns, is announced for speedy issue by Edward Arnold.

'Life Histories of American Insects,' by Clarence M. Weed, Professor of Zoölogy and Entomology in the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts; 'Citizen Bird,' by Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright; and Nietzsche's 'Genealogy of Morals,' are forthcoming from Macmillan & Co.

Thomas Whittaker has nearly ready 'Oliver Cromwell: A Study in Personal Religion,' by the Rev. Robert F. Horton.

Bonnell, Silver & Co. will issue 'Across the Country of the Little King,' a trip through Spain, by William Bement Lent.

William Allen Butler's poems, "Two Millions," and "Nothing to Wear," translated into German by Eduard Dorsch, and edited by Karl Knortz, are in the press of Karl Henckell & Co., Zurich and Leipzig.

The elegant and fairly sumptuous apparel of 'In Memoriam Frederick Douglass' (Philadelphia: John C. Yorston & Co.) is in seeming contrast to the reference, in the preface, to "this unpretending volume." Yet nothing could be in better taste than this simple and orderly array of funeral services, and memorial tributes in prose and in verse, letters, resolutions, etc., etc., closing with a very brief biographical sketch of a most gifted American. Black and white talent and affection have sincerely joined in rearing this monument, the like of which no other of Mr. Douglass's race in our country has earned. By far the most significant stones in the edifice are the resolutions adopted by the City Council of Rochester, N. Y., where Mr. Douglass long resided and edited his paper; by the City Council of Cambridge, Mass., and by the State Legislature; and finally, by the General Assembly of Illinois. The city of Boston has also issued a memorial volume. These would be cheering signs of the times if we did not know how superficial still, as evidenced by our practice, is the popular recognition of human equality without regard to color. An admirable portrait of Douglass precedes the beautifully printed text.

Mr. Clodd's 'Pioneers of Evolution, from Thales to Huxley' (Appletons), without pretending to any special novelty or profundity, gives a thoroughly readable and interesting account of matters much debated in these days. The book is full of talk about the irrepressible conflict of science and religion, and is written by a frank partisan of Mr. Herbert Spencer. It should, therefore, be read with a certain amount of caution, the more so as the author betrays almost no consciousness of the fact that exceedingly heterogeneous, and even incompatible, facts and theories are popularly amalgamated in the notion of evolution. Mr. Clodd does not distinguish sharply enough, and inclines too much to regard as evolution everything that comes into his net. Still, there is no reason why he should not continue to produce works of this sort so long as, in his own concluding words, he is encouraged, and his "inquiry is stimulated, by the consciousness of the *impenetrable* mysteries of the universe." Evidently only the brave deserve the Unknowable, and we hope they may get it.

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The 'Memorial Life of Victor Hugo,' a collection of contributions from a large number of literary men, artists, and critics, appeared in France some time after the death of the poet, and, having been translated, now appears in English from the press of Estes & Lauriat. The first part of the book is devoted to a rather loose biography of Hugo, whose works are then taken up one by one. Some account of the time of composition, of the first and succeeding presentations of the plays, of the contemporary criticism, and also of later criticism, which is generally of quite a different nature, is regularly given. The last chapter but one comprises an excellent philosophical essay on Victor Hugo as an artist, and the final chapter describes almost in detail the great ovation tendered him on his eightieth birthday.

A couple of recent books on the drama are E. M. de Lyden's 'Le Théâtre d'autrefois et celui d'aujourd'hui (Paris: Dentu), and Catulle Mendès's 'L'Art au Théâtre' (Paris: Charpentier). The former is anecdotic, and treats of singers and actors, the salaries paid them at different times and in different countries. It contains some interesting information and throws a side-light on the profession. Mendès's book is a republication of his dramatic criticisms on plays produced during 1895, and does not strike the reader as a very valuable contribution to the sum of ideas on French plays and playwrights. M. Mendès considers Corneille a Romanticist; this we had long ago been told by M. Deschanel. He prefers him to Racine, whom he considers non-poetical; this is not a new reproach either—the school of Hugo rang the changes on it years ago, and yet Racine has survived, and, as was pointed out in these columns a short time since, is becoming the inspirer of the more recent dramatists. M. Mendès looks upon Victor Hugo as a very great dramatist. As for Ibsen, he has no good opinion of him.

Galdós, the leading novelist of Spain, has just had a double presentation to American readers. An edition of his 'Doña Perfecta' is brought out by Ginn & Co., with an introduction by Prof. A. R. Marsh, in which Galdós's place and merits are set forth with ample knowledge and good judgment. Less authoritative is the account of Galdós in the May *Bookman*, by Archer M. Huntington, who describes that writer's reception in the Spanish Academy. This article is disfigured by some sad misprints of Spanish names and book-titles.

We have already heralded the monthly issue of *American Colonial Tracts* undertaken by George P. Humphrey, Rochester, N. Y. The first number, for May, is now before us, and is a bold and tasteful reprint of Sir Robert Mountgomry's 'Discourse concerning the designed establishment of a new Colony to the south of Carolina,' filling 28 octavo pages.

A field which has been much and profitably worked of late by Southern historical investigators, viz., the bookishness of the pre-Revolutionary South, is explored further in an article on "Libraries and Literature in North Carolina in the Eighteenth Century," by Dr. Stephen B. Weeks, of the Bureau of Education. This comes to us as a reprint from the annual report of the American Historical Association for 1895, and will be found worthy of examination. We have also before us the same writer's address on "The University of North Carolina in the Civil War," delivered at the centennial celebration of that institution last June. North Carolina, says Dr. Weeks, furnished one-fifth of the troops of the Confederacy, as against her quota of one-tenth, and more than a fourth of those who fell in battle were North Carolinians.

Thanks to Senator Hoar, as we read in the newly published Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society (vol. xi., part 2), part of the stone threshold of the church at Delftshaven in which the Pilgrim fathers probably held their last services before embarking, has been secured to be built into the restored First Church of Plymouth; so that, in the Senator's words, the town now holds "the first object which their feet touched when they landed here, and the last object now existing which their feet touched when they departed from Holland."

We remark in the fourth Bulletin of the New York Public Library the announcement that "the section of genealogy at the Lenox is being made as complete as possible by transfers from the Astor."

Three important memoirs on climatology are collected in volume 67 of the *Nova Acta* of the Imperial Leopoldino-Carolinian German Academy of Naturalists. The first, on the "Thermal Constitution of Climates," is by Dr. W. Zenker, who explains his method of determining the temperature for areas of each two degrees of the earth's surface. In the second paper, founded upon observations of the daily change in the temperature of the air, Dr. J. Halm, after treating the question from a mathematical standpoint, describes a new and advantageous method of investigating the periodicity of solar radiation. Two interesting charts accompany Helmuth König's paper on the "Duration of Sunshine in Europe," one showing its possible and its actual duration, the other the percentage at twenty different stations. From these observations it appears that the sunshine is actually greatest in Spain and least in Scotland.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for April opens with an instructive account of Ceylon, in which the author, an ex-official, after describing what English rule has done for the country industrially and commercially, closes with a frank acknowledgment of the fact that there have grown up with this "three unhappy mischiefs," viz., drinking, gambling, and false litigation. To such an extent has this third evil increased that "now no native, however blameless his life, can reckon himself as secure from the success of some false and malicious criminal accusation." This is followed by a chatty paper on the "British in South America," by Col. Sir Howard Vincent, M.P.

In its second number the *Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation* (London: Rivington, Percival & Co., Covent Garden) fulfils the expectations created by the first number, and takes a permanent place as the leading medium in the English language for research in its field. Now that publication and circulation can be assured for good work in that department, more of it will doubtless be undertaken. The two chief topics of the present number have a practical flavor which typically distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon journal from its Continental companions. The Reports from the sixty-odd British colonies as to Modes of Legislation therein are continued. The answers to the very first question on the circular, "What is the Common Law of the Colony?" ought to be fascinating and suggestive reading to every student of law and history. The Reports on Methods of Legal Remuneration range from Austria through our own country to India, and are decidedly meet for reflection. The great problem of how to regulate the costs of doing justice has been struggled over with varying success, by every civilized people; and when we find an English law journal still soberly adhering to the view that expensive litigation is desirable because it discourages litigiosity, we realize that the solution of the problem is not as near at hand as it might seem to most of us. There are interesting reports in this number from New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco, which even the layman may consult with profit. The editor of the *Journal* is recommended, in future, to print an inside title-page, and to put upon it the name of the editor, the subscription-price, and the addresses of the society's honorary secretaries—matters as to which the reader is now left in ignorance.

The second and third numbers of *Art et Décoration* amply confirm the judgment of the *American Architect and Building News* (Boston) to promote the new French art journal's circulation in this country. The examples of Roty's masterly medals and plaquettes in the March number are an education of the kind which the Dingley bill aims to deprive us of; but there are also introductions to noble work in glass, tinted stuffs, pottery, embossed leather, binding, furniture, with fine illustrations, some in color. The standard of selection is unusually high.

The *Jiji Shimpo* (Daily Times) of Tokyo of March 31 contains both a humorous and a serious suggestion in reply to the menace to Japanese industrial interests contained in the tariff bill now pending in Congress. The former is a double cartoon, with the legend, "Forty Years Before and After." The upper illustration, in allusion to Commodore Perry, is a picture of Uncle Sam dragging the youthful and unwilling "Jap" out of the entrance of his house, to the supreme surprise and disgust of the recluse. The lower half of the cartoon shows Uncle Sam in his own private garden, himself building a high fence or "Chinese Wall" of perpendicular boards, on each of which are figures showing a gradual increase of ad-valorem duties on foreign goods. This pointed pictorial contrast is accompanied by an editorial article on the effect of the new rates on certain Japanese industries, and on the mode in which Japan is likely to retaliate. In conclusion, the *Jiji* urges the Foreign Office to make proper representations in Washington so as to prevent Congress from going to such a deplorable length.

Mr. F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, as ever, to true occasion true, sends us a fine copy of his nearly full-length portrait of Gen. Grant, taken in 1866, which engravings have made familiar to us, and which will always possess a high degree of value as representing the great soldier in his prime. The alert and intellectual face of the late Prof. E. D. Cope is also commemorated in an "imperial panel" from the same studio. It worthily records the appearance of a scientific worker whose career covered forty years, and whose solid versatility and special attainments in comparative anatomy were perhaps unrivalled among his own countrymen.

From F. Keppel, 20 East Sixteenth Street, we receive two of those catalogues of Frederick Muller & Co., Amsterdam, which are

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desirable possessions in themselves, as well as guides to bidders at sales. One is of old paintings and preciosities from the collection of M. Gijsbert de Clercq, to be sold June 1, accompanied by photogravure engravings after sundry Dutch artists; another is old paintings from the Widow Jentink-Farret's collection at The Hague, of which the sale is fixed for the same date. This has a couple of larger photogravures after Van der Helst and Van de Velde the younger.

Another, equally sumptuous catalogue, of Mme. G. van den Eynde's collection, to be sold at the Hôtel Drouot on May 18, 19, comes to us from the American branch of Durand-Ruel, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York. This collection embraces a great assortment of objects of art. The paintings, of which many photogravures are given, are by Corot, Daubigny, Decamps, Delacroix, Diaz, Fromentin, Isabey, Meissonier, Rousseau, Alfred Stevens, Troyon, etc., and there are several drawings by Millet.

—Uniformity in education has always been expressly avoided by the English; but, while the educational systems of other countries look better on paper, the actual results obtained in England at the present day rank, on the whole, among the highest. This is especially true of the education of women. Miss C. S. Bremner's book of 300 pages, published in London by Messrs. Sonnenschein, entitled 'The Education of Girls and Women in Great Britain,' is a sort of blue-book on the question, and gives an historical survey of primary, secondary, and university education for women, in England and Scotland, from the destruction of the nunnery schools early in the sixteenth century to the free education act of 1891, the establishment of the Girls' Public Day School Co. in London in 1879, and the foundation of Girton and Newnham in the sixties; these three events being the great landmarks of advance in the education of women in the three stages. Miss Bremner's outline of educational legislation and the workings of the education and science and art departments is brief but clear. Scotland is treated in a separate section. Ireland is left to a more daring explorer of the future. The task of the historian of English secondary education is rendered almost hopeless by the complete lack of coherency in the system, partly due to the fact that the majority of English girls of the better classes are educated at home, or in private schools which are closed to rigid inspection, and so cannot be classified. Perhaps the most interesting conclusion to be drawn from this excellent survey is that the women's education movement has vitality only when it is directed by women themselves—the slow advance of Germany is a good instance of this—so that its final and complete success lies in the hands not of men but women.

—In his April section of the Oxford English Dictionary (Macmillan), Dr. Murray leaves the dis- compounds behind at last, but has to yield one-sixth part of his space to *do*, and to *dog* with its compounds and derivatives. He points out that the prefix di- (not dis-) should determine the spelling of *disyllabic* with one *s*. For the "rare" *diswing* he cites only Carlyle in 1837, in a passage that may have caught the eye of Edward FitzGerald, who uses the word in his 'Bird Parliament' (1857-1862), in his striking image of the spider World that "Seizes, dis-wings, and drains the Life" of "the tangled Fly." And we would fain have seen FitzGerald remembered, under *dive*, with a line from his "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of": "Just so—Like some scared water-bird, As we say in my country, *dove below*." Since 1872 the word *disturnpike* has gained a footing in England, but we doubt if the late turnpike war in Kentucky ever prompted this coinage in the press of the State. Nor will the adjacent land of the "carpet-baggers" join with us in regretting that *disvalise* (Cotgreave's 'to rob, despoyle, rifle; to depriue of cloake-bag, bag, and baggage') was ever rare and is now obsolete. The South generally, the Sea Islands certainly, could gloss the thirtieth division of *do*, exhibiting its use as a periphrastic auxiliary of the imperative, with an example of emphatic reduplication; for was it not Brer Rabbit, in the earliest version of "The Tar Baby," who entreated Brer Wolf, "*Do* don't trow me in de brier-bush"? The late Prof. W. F. Allen did not overlook this locution among the blacks of those islands in his 'Slave Songs of the United States,' (1867), p. xxxiv.: "*Do* don't let 'em stay arter school done." But it is not confined to the Southern blacks. Purists who object to *don't* for *doesn't* will find themselves confronted with the early form *do* for *does*, from which the contraction now branded as both vulgar and colloquial has normally descended. Farquhar, Richardson and Albany Fonblanque were guilty of employing it in play, tale, and history. Americanisms are well cared for under *dollar*, where the "almighty dollar" is assigned to Irving in 'Wolfert's Roost' (1855); and *doctrine*, where 1848 is the earliest date for Monroe Doctrine. *Donate* is conceded chiefly to the United States (from 1845), and we need not be ashamed of so handy a link in the chain of *donation* (1425), *donator* (1449), *donatrix* (1668), *donatee* (1716), *donative*, and *donatary*. The etymological connection between *divan* and Italian *dogana* and French *douane* (custom-house); the derivation of *doll* from Dorothy, and its recent application to a toy baby (1700); the fact of *domino*, "a very childish sport, [being] imported from France a few years back [of 1801]," and of *donkey* making its first appearance, in a dictionary, in 1785—these are some of Dr. Murray's historical curiosities. The remainder of D, enabling us to bind up volume iii., is promised for July 1.

—Mr. Henry Bradley's section transports us to another part of the file, viz., *Flexuosity-Foister*, marked by the absence of Greek derivatives, the large number of onomatopœic formations, and the confusions of forms and meanings caused by association. Of the last, *flush*, the verb which has for one meaning to cleanse (as, a drain), supplies an instance. We read: "Perhaps originally identical with the preceding [*flush*, 'to fly up quickly'], the notion of 'sudden movement' being common to the two verbs. But the development of meaning appears to have been influenced by phonetic association with *flash*, . . . while the senses relating to color have been affected by association with *blush*." Such interlacings reconcile us to the differentiation of *flower* into *flour*, to express 'the finer portion of meal which is separated by bolting.' Dr. Johnson's lexicography, in 1755, did not recognize this spelling, though in Cruden's 'Concordance' in 1738 the distinction was already made; our present-day phonetic reformers would restore uniformity, choosing one or other form, and cheating the eye of its instant aid to comprehension. The obsolete *flote*, 'a troop, herd, shoal,' one of the collective names in which our language is so rich, has earned a "good riddance" from the same reformers, who have not to adjust it to *float*, a word which leads us to remark that while *floater*, 'a purchasable voter,' is first noted here from Henry George's pen in 1883, the custard called *floating-island* goes back to Franklin's Letters in 1771. *Florist* appears in 1623. The convenient and poetic primary sense of *flourish*, 'the blossom or mass of flowers on a fruit-tree,' deserves to have a wider range than Scottish and Northern dialect. Stable, we should hope, is the noun *floruit*, 'the period during which a person flourished.' It remounts to Liddell and Scott in 1843, and is, we surmise, earlier than the analogous well-rooted *habitat*. *Flimsy* occurs early in the eighteenth century. *Fly-boat*, from being a fast coaster, as if a "flyer," has now humbled itself to 'a swift passage boat used on canals,' with an etymological rapprochement to the Dutch *vlieboot* (channel boat). *Fogger*, like *pettifogger*, embalms the name of an eminent Augsburg family of merchants and financiers in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In *Föhn* we are taught to discern Horace's "veris et *Favoni*." It is worth observing that the consonantal (initial) combination *fn* expired with three words from Old English.

—The Russian Government has always refused to admit that the United Greeks (or "Uniats") who were coerced into union with the Roman Catholic Church by Poland in the sixteenth century, may now have the privileges of Catholics. Although most of them have been driven back to the Greek orthodox faith, there are still some recalcitrants who suffer for their beliefs as their ancestors did before accepting those beliefs. It is a curious case of visiting, not the sins, but the misfortunes, of the fathers upon the children. A collection of the petitions of the persecuted peasants to the present Tsar has just been published at Cracow in Russian, Polish, and French. The Russian text (the official one) is often confusing and illiterate, but affecting in its simplicity. The signatures are all given. We subjoin one of the shortest of these petitions:

"Most Noble, High, and Mighty Sovereign Emperor, Nicholas Alexandrovitch, Autocrat of all the Russias, King of Poland:

"Petition of the peasants of the village of Prosnów and others, signed below, commune of Huslew, district of Constantinow, government of Siedlce, March 13, 1895.

"Our great-grandfathers, our grandfathers, and we to the year 1874, professed the Roman-Uniat faith, but in the month of March, 1874, our Uniat priest was taken away, an orthodox one was sent in his place, and it was proposed to us to embrace the orthodox faith. But we did not agree to it, we did not accept, and to this day we do not accept. For this we have been severely punished by corporal punishment by a hundred and more blows with Cossack nagaikas [whips] on our naked bodies, we have been chastised by fines of a hundred and more rubles, we have been plagued by imprisonment, we have been sent away to distant governments of Russia; and so it continues till now only the corporal punishments have ceased. Thus we, your poor children, suffer; for this we seek with a most humble petition at the feet of your Majesty, with bitter tears we kiss your feet, grant us that we may remain under the Pope of Rome, the one there is now, Leo XIII. Your Imperial Highness, most humbly we beseech,

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do not reject our petition, our merciful Father have pity on us. With impatience we await your mercy."

MACKENZIE'S CASTLES OF ENGLAND.

The Castles of England: Their Story and Structure. By Sir James D. Mackenzie. With 40 plates, 158 text illustrations, and 70 plans. In 2 vols. The Macmillan Co. 1896.

We once ran across in the visitors' book of a Warwick inn the following outburst of a Cincinnati woman who had just been shown through the ancestral abode of the Beauchamps: "Feudal despotism had its *castle* for the one; our glorious republic has *homes* for all." We believe this to be an exceptional demonstration of hostility towards English castles, for most travellers, however democratic they may be, take pleasure in keeps, moats, and battlements. Time has softened the outlines of feudal harshness considerably, and the sight of a castle may be depended on to recall romantic rather than tyrannical associations. At worst, feudalism was in its time a universal institution, and few American readers of Sir James Mackenzie's handsome volumes will be any more disposed to quarrel with his subject than they would be to quarrel with the equator.

The castles of England by no means stand at the head of the European list for either age or number. If we pass over a bit of masonry at Corfe, every one of them is later than the Conquest, and all the adulterine castles of Stephen's reign would be needed to bring the aggregate anywhere near that of an equal territory taken from France or Germany. The small plateau of Eppan, between the Etsch and the Mendel ridge of mountains in South Tyrol, alone contains more ruins than are to be found in most English districts of five times its size. Had the family estates been broken up by a general process of gavelkind, we should possess to-day in the forty shires more nearly 1,000 castles than the 389 which still remain. What they lose in number they gain in many other respects. They are as a rule more carefully built than the castles of the Continent, and while seldom if ever rising to the magnitude of Coucy, Pierrefonds, and Château Gaillard, they are of very creditable average bulk. The Wars of the Roses and the great Rebellion were less destructive to them than the Thirty Years' War to the castles of Germany or than the Reformation and the Revolution to the castles of France. Sir James Mackenzie, excluding the ridiculous figures of Daniel (who states that 1,117 castles were demolished in accordance with the Treaty of Winchester), enumerates 660 military strongholds vouched for by reliable records. Of these 217 are non-existent.

The county histories of England are as good as its municipal histories are bad, and Sir James Mackenzie uses them freely in this survey of military architecture. He has no formal disquisition on the technical features of castle-building, nor upon the connection which exists between the political development of the country and structures of this kind. He plunges *in medias res* at Kent, and emerges after 900 pages at Northumberland. The publication, twelve years ago, of Mr. George T. Clark's 'Mediæval Military Architecture' cleared the way for a book like this, which aims to bring together for reference the main facts known concerning all the feudal fastnesses of England, without making architectural study altogether subservient to them. History comes first and architecture second; but, thanks to Mr. Clark, this arrangement is perfectly natural. Unfortified country houses, even of the largest size, are put at one side. "It will be observed that a very strict line has had to be drawn so as to include only *bona-fide* defensible strongholds, and to omit the halls innumerable and other buildings with doubtful fortifications. A few of the latter, such as Thornbury in Gloucestershire, had to be mentioned for special reasons, either on account of their importance in the local history or because they stand upon the site of a once existing genuine castle." According to its magnitude, a fortress is styled chief or minor, and a third category includes the non-existent. One of these three terms is added to every castle described, and makes a useful heading. The text is purely descriptive, never deviating from the style of "archæologia" into the blandishments of fine writing. Sir James Mackenzie is a descendant in the direct line of Surtees, Ormerod, and Hasted. The only difference between them is that he takes a subject while they take a district.

When one has a suitable theme, one can be minute and circumstantial without becoming unreadably tedious. To be sure Mr. Samuel Tymms, in editing and continuing Camden's 'Britannia,' failed to discover the secret, and obviously the undertaking demands skill. Yet the thing can be done, and Sir James Mackenzie has found out how. Assuming only a fair knowledge of English history on the reader's part, we commit ourselves to the statement that each of his separate articles will be found replete with entertaining fact, even though his method strikes one at first sight as being prosaic. The reason why the bare and bald annalist of English castles can be engaging besides being instructive is that the forts he deals with were also homes. A little interweaving of personal and family gossip with the political vicissitudes of the stronghold goes a long way towards relieving the monotony of dates, sieges, and *coups de main*. For instance, under Oakham, a minor castle in Rutlandshire, the author branches off into the following digression:

"Details of the history and succession of this castle and manor may be dry reading, but it is striking to observe that of the owners and occupiers of this small property, in a remote part of an insignificant county, no less than eight of them died violent deaths, five being beheaded. There is a singular custom connecting this lordship with its ancient possessors, the Earls Ferrers, who, being originally identified with the farrier's department of Duke William's army, adopted as their armorial device a horseshoe, and the same has since been in use by all descendants of their family, under all varieties of spelling. The possessor of Oakham had the right to demand a horseshoe from every peer who passed there for the first time, and his bailiff had power to stop horses and carriages until this service was performed, when the shoe was nailed on the castle gate. Naturally the matter was compounded for by a money payment, and a horseshoe, made large or small according to the sum received, was affixed with the donor's name and title engraved. A curious collection is to be seen here; horseshoes of all sizes, from those of exaggerated dimensions to the size of a toy horse, and mostly gilt, are shown; one very splendid one being left by the Duke of York in 1788."

We might multiply examples indefinitely to show what a wealth of singular customs, legends, and romances is stored away in the nooks and crannies of this compendium.

Politics, however, must be held to take first place in a book of military architecture where the historical element is predominant. One is immediately struck, on analyzing the table of statistics in which Sir James Mackenzie shows the geographical distribution of castles, by the fact that the densest areas fall within the limits of the Conqueror's palatine earldoms. There is nothing to surprise one in this, for the march lands demanded most protection. The figures prove beyond question that they received it. Kent has a record of thirty castles; the Welsh border, including Hereford, Salop, and Cheshire, of eighty-one; while Northumberland and Cumberland required a total of ninety-three to prevent the canny and assiduous Scot from devouring their substance. Would that we might recall some of the border forays so dear to the ballad writers and to Sir Philip Sidney. Many a bout have those rugged strongholds Carlisle and Haworth, Warkworth and Alnwick seen, when

"They swapped together, whyll that they swette,
Wyth swordes sharp and long;
Ych on other so faste they beete,
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses dowyn."

Let no one open Sir James Mackenzie's second volume without placing the Percy Reliques within reach. They furnish a romantic gloss for every page.

The Welsh border must be deemed of inferior interest to the valleys of the Tweed and the Eden for several reasons. Its castles were less numerous to begin with; they have suffered more from decay, and, despite the vaunted Celtic imagination, fewer sentimental associations cluster about them. Once Hereford and Ludlow held their heads very high indeed. Now the one is nonexistent and the other badly wrecked. We particularly regret the destruction of Hereford Castle, for it was the chief guarantee of local safety when the town was a municipal leader throughout the length and breadth of the west country. Five and a half acres of masonry meant much to a district in the age of the Edwards. Almost always they meant the reign of force and heavier shackles. One takes pleasure in reflecting that at Hereford the Castle was a pledge of security, an earnest that life and property would be guarded from marauders, and that under the ægis of the English crown the neighboring towns should be secured in the possession of their democratic charters. Sir James Mackenzie cites the destruction of Hereford as an instance of wantonness in the execution of modern improvements. "The absence of all vestiges of this great fortress exemplifies the length to which a spirit of reckless destructiveness and careless vandalism, exerted in favor of some supposed 'benefit' to their precious townsfolk, frequently leads municipalities."

If Hereford was connected with a striking chapter in what Dr. Gross aptly calls the "affiliation of mediæval towns," Ludlow overtopped it in military strength. Such is the pen's triumph over the sword that it is now held in remembrance chiefly on account of John Egerton, first Earl of Bridgewater, John Milton and "Comus," though it once headed the list of the thirty-two castles of the Welsh Marches. Sir James Mackenzie devotes several beautiful illustrations to Ludlow, and is also beguiled by it into one of the few blunders which have attracted our attention. "It is of interest to know that Milton was from Ludlow, and wrote his *Comus* there, taking

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as his scene a lovely valley some two miles out on the Wigmore road. The masque was first acted in May, 1633, in the banqueting-hall of this castle." We spare our readers the insult of reminding them that Milton was not "from Ludlow" in any sense of having been born or having lived there. The writer is furthermore in error concerning the date of the masque's first production. It was performed in 1634. The whole statement is on a par with Dugdale's passage about Stratford. That great antiquary, in his 'Warwickshire,' vouchsafes, in small print at the end of a long notice of the place, that the "late ingenious poet, Will Shakespeare," was born there.

The rank and file of private castles can be fitly treated within the limits which Sir James Mackenzie has set himself. Certain others of a public character refuse to fit into his scheme with perfect ease. Dover, Windsor, and the Tower of London belong to the nation by a thousand memories and every right of popular achievement. Assuming with Ralph Hythlodaye, in the first part of 'Utopia,' that "the comminaltie chueseth their king for their own sake, and not for his sake, to the intent that through his labour and study they might al live wealthily, sauffe from wronges and injuries," these royal residences must be considered a part of England's historical stock in trade. To dismiss them hastily, even in a general work, is to do them wrong. We wish that Sir James Mackenzie had made his not too bulky volumes a hundred pages longer for the sake of telling us something more than he has done of five or six castles in this special class.

Probably the most valuable part of the present survey is that which deals with the non-existing strongholds. When a building has once fallen into decay, it is soon forgotten and information about it must be searched for. Several of the English castles were strong enough to be dangerous or to arouse vindictive feelings, and thus some oaks have been uprooted by the storm of vengeance while the reeds beside them have escaped by bending before it. Nottingham is notable among the fortified places which have disappeared. Few episodes in English annals are more dramatic than the capture of the "She-Wolf of France" and her lover Mortimer by the young Edward's band of knights in 1330. Nottingham was the favorite residence of Richard III., and survived numerous vicissitudes till the Oliverians pulled it down, stone by stone. Wren built a palace for the Newcastle family on the same site, but few vestiges of the mediæval structure remained when a Reform-Bill mob saw fit to kindle a gigantic blaze on the ancient citadel cliff.

The nature of Sir James Mackenzie's subject invites desultory comment without end, but we must conclude, for we cannot undertake to follow his lead in tracing the history of English castles, one after another. We should neglect a manifest duty if we failed to give due praise to the superb typography and illustrations of the volumes which we have been discussing. Their garb is uncommonly fine, and the author's part of the work may be said to fulfil the intent thus outlined in the first page of the preface: "It is here attempted to collect whatever is known of these fastnesses in a reference book, which shall unite—even if it contains little that is new—such information as can be gathered from the various county histories, the Proceedings of Archæological and other Societies, and from special chronicles."

The Middle Period. 1817-1858. By John W. Burgess. [American History Series.] Scribners. 1897. Pp. xvi, 544.

Prof. Burgess has undertaken to write a concise history of the United States during the forty years in which slavery was the one absorbing political issue. He brings to his task learning and industry, an uncompromising conviction that the South was in the wrong, and an earnest purpose to set forth, with entire impartiality, the motives and conduct of all the parties concerned. He tells us that he has "made it an invariable rule to use no secondary material," but to rely wholly upon the so-called "primary" sources, by which latter he seems to mean Congressional documents and the like. What he has really done is to give us a volume consisting largely of abstracts of Congressional debates—the proceedings and discussions of Congress reduced, as it were, to their lowest terms—and of official documents of various kinds. In comparison with such a book, for example, as Young's 'American Statesman,' this part of the work has been well done, and the volume will have value for certain classes of students; judged by other standards, however, it has to be said that its shortcomings are neither few nor unimportant. We have not space to criticise the work in detail, but must content ourselves with pointing out two or three respects in which Prof. Burgess's book might well have been expected to be better than it is.

Our author professes to have written only a political history, and, consequently, to have dealt with only those events which are "significant of our progress in political civilization." "The truthful record, connection, and interpretation of such events," he adds, "is what I call history in the highest sense, as distinguished from chronology, narrative, and romance." We are not quite sure for whom or what this last thrust is intended; but if, by "political" history, Prof. Burgess means the kind of history he has given us in his book, we can hardly admit that it is entitled to be called "history in the highest sense." In a work designed primarily for students and the general public, rather than for scholars and specialists, the wisdom of devoting attention almost exclusively to one phase of a subject always needs justification. So far as the volume before us is concerned, the whole social and industrial progress of the United States between 1817 and 1858 is treated almost as though it were not. Such matters as the significant movements of population, the extension of the settled area, and the irregular growth of different sections of the country, though exerting large influence upon the course of our "political" history, receive only brief and incidental mention. Even our diplomatic history, by no means unimportant in this period, and having special bearing on both slavery and the slave-trade, gets rather scanty treatment. Nor does Prof. Burgess make the most, we think, even of the method he adopts. A careful reading of his book leaves an uncomfortable, though possibly erroneous, impression that, in narrowing the scope of "politics," he has become rather more interested in processes than in results. More than once, for example, he leads us skilfully and with heightening interest through some confused debate or intricate negotiation, only to dismiss us in a few sentences when the outcome of the whole affair has been reached. One result of this is to deprive the narrative of continuity of interest; one can, without much embarrassment, begin anywhere and read either way.

To say that the fundamental plan is defective is not, however, the most serious criticism that can be made of a book; and we freely acknowledge the service which Prof. Burgess has rendered by his usually clear and accurate accounts of important episodes in our national history. We are reluctantly compelled, however, to take issue with him on a much more vital point, and that the one on which, if we read the preface aright, he himself would lay especial stress. We refer to the "thoroughly impartial spirit" in which the work has professedly been undertaken. How far this claim is well founded may be seen by examining the passages relating to the abolition movement; for the historian who can hold a steady hand in dealing with a great and radical moral agitation in politics is likely to be a safe guide in less vivid matters. We do not know what authorities, besides Congressional documents, Prof. Burgess has relied upon, but his references to the abolitionists and those who, in varying degrees, sympathized with them, are almost uniformly couched in terms of sneer and denunciation. He speaks of "their extravagant fanaticism" (p. 320), and of "a quarter of a century of radical abolition recklessness" (p. 152), though admitting that the movement "contains those forces of mystical enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, and reckless disregard of consequences so necessary, at times, to drag the world out of the ruts of materialism and the love of peace" (p. 246). As to the Mexican war, "of course the Abolitionists could see nothing in the matter but a wicked scheme for the extension of slavery. Their attitude was, however, too narrow and bigoted to win much attention" (p. 331). In view of the Nat Turner insurrection, "not too much should be made out of the killing of" Lovejoy (p. 250). Webster's 7th of March speech was "received with great satisfaction by all moderate and prudent men," but "of course . . . did not satisfy the extremists, either in the North or the South" (p. 359); while Giddings's "reckless outburst of radical extravagance . . . disgusted the House" (p. 369). Prof. Burgess thinks that Calhoun and the abolitionists might have found common ground if the latter "could have taken the historical view of ethics, the evolutionary view of morals," etc. (p. 267). That such estimates of the greatest moral movement in American politics are either impartial or accurate, few, we imagine, will care to maintain; but they serve to illustrate the dangers which beset the path of those who would essay the writing of history by first ostentatiously ignoring the work of all previous students.

Prof. Burgess's account of the origin of the Dred Scott case is based on an "entirely original and authentic" account of the early history of the case furnished him by Mr. A. C. Crane, of St. Louis, who was a clerk in the law office of Roswell M. Field at the time the case was brought in the United States Circuit Court. The story as here given would seem to be of some importance, and certainly deserves attention. So far,

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however, as showing that there were two cases instead of one, and that the case which finally came before the Supreme Court originated in the Circuit Court of the United States, and did not come up on a writ of error from the Supreme Court of Missouri, Prof. Burgess has been anticipated by Nicolay and Hay ('Abraham Lincoln,' Vol. II., ch. iv.). Prof. Burgess, however, says (p. 451) that "the case in the Circuit Court of the United States was begun before the case in the Missouri court was concluded"; but, according to Nicolay and Hay, the decision of the Supreme Court of Missouri was rendered at the March term, 1852, while the declaration of Scott in his suit in the United States Circuit Court was not filed until November 2, 1853. Apparently the history of this case offers a field for further investigation.

Prof. Burgess writes in a somewhat hard and formal style, and we fancy that most persons will find considerable portions of the book rather dry reading. The savor is too largely that of the court-room and the statute-book, while the predominantly legal cast of the author's mind shows itself, at times, in ways closely approaching pedantry. As an examination of an important period in American history in the light of rigid principles of constitutional law and the author's theories of political science, the volume is well worth reading; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that the people of the United States have ever lived, either between 1817 and 1858 or at any other time, in such an atmosphere of formality and didacticism as envelops Prof. Burgess's book.

Les Affiches Etrangères, Illustrées. Paris: G. Boudet.

THE artistic poster, which is the product of the last few years, already, we are assured, threatens to lose its popularity. We have, notwithstanding, quite a little library of books about it. Much the most important is the French work published by Boudet of Paris. The first volume, devoted entirely to the French poster, came out a couple of years ago; the second, 'Les Affiches Étrangères,' has but recently appeared. This, we fancy, with the posterity for whom we labor so conscientiously, must remain the standard authority. One fact it seems to us to prove beyond all others—that the poster, so far, has not really been worth the loud and persistent praise of the enthusiast. Of course, there is no smoke without fire, and good posters there are—masterpieces in their way. But the greater number of the best have come from France and are the work of the French artist. There was no difficulty in filling a volume—and a large one at that—when France alone was the subject; but a second, no larger, suffices for all other countries, including even Japan. Nor can we find as a result that there are any important omissions, that there is any failure to treat each section with the thoroughness it deserves.

The truth is, the designing of posters, ever since pictorial signs were set up over the shops of Pompeiian tradesmen, has been ruled by commercial conditions and restrictions. The advertiser who proclaims the excellence of his wares in the open streets and public highways, demands first of all that the proclamation should tell, should catch the eye of the passer-by. If this can be done after a fashion that satisfies the artist, there need be no objection; but the artist's pleasure is a very minor consideration. Now and then in earlier days his services were secured, as in the case of the Johannots, of Raffet in France, of Fred Walker in England, to go back no further. But it is certain that Chéret was practically the first who, devoting himself to this branch of design, succeeded in pleasing his fellow-artists no less than his employers and the public. To him belongs the credit of whatever innovation there has been. Men like Lautrec and Steinlen, Anquetin and Gausson, following where he had pointed out the way, went still further, and developed a style at once more simple and effective than his. By the silhouette they produced as startling and striking outdoor advertisements as he had by means of gayety of color and composition. They have carried the art really to the highest point of perfection it has yet reached, and provided a model for all the rest of the advertising world.

Now, the amazing thing is that the rest of the world, thus provided with a good model, has achieved comparatively so little. The writers who contribute the various chapters to the new volume cannot find it in their hearts to approve without much qualification, if, indeed, they approve at all. Germany—*Allemagne* claiming alphabetical precedence—is first disposed of, and in Germany, we are informed, the advertiser's enterprise hitherto has seldom carried him beyond the columns of the daily paper, while the streets of the German town, for some reason, do not make such an appropriate outdoor gallery as those of London and Paris. The few men who do design posters, mostly for art exhibitions, keep by preference to classical traditions, venturing upon no departure more daring than the representation of their ideal figures comfortably seated. There are exceptions, and, first of all, the mystics: Franz Stuck, a painter of decided distinction, but, to judge from the one example here given, not yet accustomed to the open-air conditions; Max Klinger, who, in his poster for a photographical society of Berlin—and perhaps this is part of his allegory—is as clumsy and heavy as he is often graceful and refined in his etchings; Sattler, who is really amusing, and like no one but himself in his announcement of *Pan*, the big German art quarterly. But far better and less mystical is Otto Fischer, whose peasant in broad white cap, with a little red town and bridge for background, is delightful as design and also appropriate as advertisement of a show of peasant industries in Dresden. To pass on to Austria is to gather from the text that the Austrian is serious only as musician; from the illustrations, that he would like to be humorous in his posters. And this brings us to England, where probably more has been said on the subject and more effort made to encourage the art than anywhere else. But in England, too, the results are meagre, out of all proportion to the complacent applause of critics and collectors.

Mr. Beardsley, borrowing a hint from Lautrec, manages to be distinctly original in the practical application of it, but Mr. Beardsley can boast not more than three or four posters, all told. The Beggarstaff Brothers have a still more striking individuality, but, apparently, they have had as much difficulty in making their way into M. Boudet's books as on to London hoardings, and they are much too scantily represented. Then there are Mr. Greiffenhagen, Mr. Anning Bell, Mr. Graham Robertson, Mr. Raven-Hill, who, having produced one or two good designs, have ever since rested on their laurels. There are a few Glasgow men with some appreciation of decorative principles, but oppressed with the necessity of living up to the late so-called "Celtic Renascence." And there is Mr. Dudley Hardy, for whom one would have only enthusiasm had he shown nothing but the simple yellow figure of a very up-to-date young lady on a white ground, supposed to symbolize Mr. Jerome's paper *To-Day*, and perhaps some four or five others. But Mr. Hardy has papered London with designs unworthy of his reputation, and the space accorded to him in the English chapter is really a very fair comment upon the present aspect of English railway stations and streets.

Belgium is the land of the accommodating disciple, or, would it be more correct to say? the accomplished mimic. French Rosicrucianism, Morris wall-papers, belated Pre-Raphaelitism, anything or everything invented elsewhere, it can provide for you, just as if it had not once had artists of its own great enough to set, rather than to follow, the standards of the day. It is not surprising that no sooner did the Belgians wake up to the fact that posters were in vogue in Paris—which awakening is said to date from the Brussels Exhibition of 1894—than they forthwith began to make them at home, if with no marked originality, at least with some degree of gayety and becoming sensationalism when Rassenfosse, Meunier, and Evenpoël were the designers.

In the United States, also, there is no mistaking the influence of Paris, though it has been modified by one or two Englishmen on its way over. We cannot but feel this with Mr. Bradley, even when at times he has improved upon the work of Mr. Beardsley; and Mr. Bradley, without question, has had much to do with forming the style of many of the other most conspicuous makers of posters in America. Mr. Penfield is much more personal in his methods, and some of his little monthly announcements of *Harper's* have a charm and elegance entirely their own. Characteristic examples of other designers are also given.

As for the European countries not already named, they are ignored in M. Boudet's compilation, though the chances are that from Spain and Italy a sufficient number of amusing posters might have been gathered together to form one small section. The Spanish bull-fight announcement, for instance, can be, and often is, a very marvellous performance. When all is said, it must be confessed that our modern street decoration leaves much to be desired, and that the artists to take advantage of the opportunity offered are not very numerous.

The book has been very well got up. The black-and-white reproductions, as a rule, are excellent and carefully printed, while the lithographs give a fairly good idea of the posters, though it is inevitable that the color, concentrated by reproduction, should seem cruder than the designs themselves. The reds and blues, however, are much less staring and violent in the new volume than we remember to have thought them in the first.

Aristotle and the Earlier Peripatetics: Being a translation from Zeller's 'Philosophy of the Greeks.' By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.,

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and J. H. Muirhead, M.A. Longmans. 1897.

MESSRS. COSTELLOE and Muirhead's translation of Zeller's Aristotle makes accessible to the English reader the whole of the monumental 'Philosophie der Griechen,' with the exception of the final volume on Neo-Platonism and the later schools. With the merits and limitations of the original the public of scholars has long been familiar. It is the quarry from which the materials have been taken for nearly all popular English writing about Greek philosophy during the last forty years. In its philological accuracy and completeness, in the conscientious care with which each successive edition has been made to incorporate the results of an enormous amount of special investigation along many different lines, in the breadth and definiteness of its plan and the faithful minuteness of its execution, it is a marvellous exemplification of the achievement possible to the industry of one man employing through a long life the resources of organized German scholarship. Its philosophical analysis, it is true, will not satisfy a thinker trained in the best school of English psychology. The original taint of Hegelianism still infects its diction if not its thought. The accretions of successive revisions somewhat obscure the definiteness of the first outline. And a scholarship more concerned with nice shades of thought than with the display of a "correct" p[illegible]logical method would find much to say as to the relevancy of many of the citations in the bristling footnotes. But, for the present, there can be no question that Zeller holds the field as the historian of Greek philosophy. The section of which these two volumes are a translation has not been revised since the publication of the third edition in 1879; but the investigations of the past twenty years have accomplished far less for Aristotle than for Plato and the Pre-Socratics, and unless some English scholar arises competent to execute the vast design of Grote, the book may well remain for twenty years more our best and fullest authority on the Peripatetic philosophy.

The work of the translators seems to have been well done. The English is as easy and idiomatic as any reasonable reader will expect to find it in a translation from the German. We have noted some license of paraphrase here and there and a few positive errors. But they are not so numerous as to destroy the student's confidence. In Vol. I., p. 259, n. 3, the parenthetic *denn es würden*, which is in construction with the Greek context, is wrongly rendered "for there would be." On p. 334, *jede Substanz* is not quite "this substance." On p. 483, the first sentence is meaningless from lack of construction, and the second is wrongly rendered: *wie sich dies ja auch an und für sich nicht anders denken lässt* in its context means not "a process, indeed, which would not otherwise be conceivable," but "which is, indeed, in any case, the only conceivable (possible) view." In Vol. II., p. 16, *Kunsttrieb* is hardly "artistic instinct." On p. 147 the translators have really reversed Plato's meaning by rendering *unbestimmten und begrifflosen Seins* "indeterminate, *motionless* being."

Elements of Descriptive Astronomy. By Herbert A. Howe, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Denver. Silver, Burdett & Co. 1897.

IT is not easy to improve upon the astronomical text-books already in use. Prof. Howe's book shows this. It has many very good features, but many more very poor ones to offset them. It is of an awkward size for a text-book, but the typography is perfect. Highly calendered paper is exceedingly objectionable to use by artificial light, and presumably this was selected to favor the process cuts; still, in a descriptive astronomy, with 200 illustrations, we find more than three-fifths of them are line drawings, or diagrams, for which uncalendered paper would have been preferable. The wonderful results of celestial photography, by which the progress of astronomy has been so strikingly enhanced within recent years, are dismissed with perhaps a dozen illustrations, and only half of these display the original prints at all competently. There is but one purely photographic picture of the moon, and that is distinctly bad; even worse is the print of Mr. Roberts's classic photograph of the great nebula in Andromeda. Two large pictures of the sun's disk have the cardinal fault of showing no absorption at the edge; nowhere is there even allusion to the difference between the shapes of the terminator at the moon's crescent phase and at a lunar eclipse, and the diagrams represent both erroneously. Many of the diagrams lack technical finish, and are far from an improvement on previous works; but the star-maps are excellent, and some of the colored plates are exceptionally fine. The earth is spoken of as "spinning rapidly," an ancient error which ought not to be longer propagated: we do not speak of the hour-hand of a watch as spinning rapidly, yet it turns twice as fast as the earth does.

Undue prominence is given an unconfirmed theory of the solar corona; the least likely hypothesis of sun-spot periodicity is the only one mentioned, although distinctly unsustained by observations for the last third of a century; and in Prof. Howe's treatment of the sun, where a modern descriptive astronomy might be expected to shine, are several singularly archaic statements and strange omissions of recent methods and results. There is nothing about the diffraction spectroscope and the normal spectrum, nothing about Prof. Young's reversing layer, practically nothing about the periodicity of the corona. Even Spoerer's important law of zones, or variation of the spots in solar latitude, has been discovered in vain. Yet Prof. Howe must have heard of all these things, for Denver, though remotely Western, is no longer in the wilds. The spectroheliograph, too, is passed over, notwithstanding its marvellous work in the hands of Hale of Chicago and Deslandres of Paris. Results obtained with it are twice referred to, but teacher and student are left to infer that they might have been obtained by ordinary methods. Discussion of the tides is practically limited to such statements as, "The flood tide lifts ponderous ships over dangerous bars at the entrances of harbors." The equation of time, although explained, is a fundamental term which nowhere appears in the volume, nor are any of the different ways of measuring celestial arcs given, except by the circle.

We direct attention to these omissions for the benefit of teachers and school superintendents, in that detailed examination to which all text-books should be subjected. The more attractive a text-book's exterior, the more suspicious its interior, and the more searching should be this examination. If question exercises are thought serviceable, Prof. Howe's book ought to give eminent satisfaction, for there is a glorious array—admirably adapted, however, to the exceptional teacher and the exceptional pupil, for their use involves more than the average study, time, and ability. Dozens of them are beyond the depth of the average school-teacher. Rightly to answer just such questions is what text-books are written for; not to propound them as unsolved conundrums. Those which set both teacher and pupil observing the sky are excellent, and the tables of telescopic objects will be useful for the few schools provided with proper telescopes. There are good practical suggestions on the use and care of such instruments. A wide variety of poetical selections is introduced, some apt, others less so; also a long quotation from 'The Travels of Mr. Lemuel Gulliver.' It is well to have omitted so largely the purely technical numerical detail, and much attention has profitably been bestowed upon paragraphing the whole work. Some features are capital for a teacher's self-instruction, and the "landmarks in the history of astronomy," together with the list of reference-books, are judiciously chosen. The index, too, is ample. For the typographical errors the author alone seems to be responsible; a few are here mentioned. The name of one of the discoverers of argon, now a household word, is misspelled (p. 52); it was Hadley, not Halley, who invented the sextant; p. 306, the names of the satellites of Mars are interchanged; the dates (presumably civil) of the total eclipses of December, 1889, and May, 1900, are both a day wrong; p. 173, Cassini is usually regarded as a French astronomer, not an Italian; and one is confronted with the extraordinary statement (p. 160) that the "*Berliner Jahrbuch* is issued from the Imperial Observatory at Kiel, Prussia." But blemishes of this nature are not overabundant.

War, Famine, and Our Food Supply. By R. B. Marston. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. New York: Scribners.

ZEUS has certainly been persuaded to delude Mr. Marston by sending him a mendacious dream. To what persuader he yielded we do not know; but we shall presently give reasons for suspecting the Goddess of Liberty of influencing the divine counsels in behalf of her beloved Americans. Like the vision that disturbed Pharaoh, this one gives warning of famine; but Pharaoh's dream was a truthful one, while Mr. Marston's is evidently, to our mind, a lying spirit. It has told Mr. Marston that England is in imminent peril of starvation; that Russia and the United States control her bread supply; and that the only way to secure the English people against famine is for the Government to keep a stock of 25,000,000 quarters of wheat constantly on hand. This is the quantity of foreign wheat actually imported every year, 17,000,000 of it from Russia and the United States. It comes to only £30,000,000, it is true, while the value of all the food imported is £150,000,000. Still, half a loaf is better than no bread, and, with a sufficiency of wheat, the English people might forego other grains, sugar, fruit, tea, wine, &c., until they could make new arrangements.

Mr. Marston's proposals have attracted some attention in England, but they should

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have their best reception in the United States Senate. Our Jingo statesmen have been stupidly spending money on forts and war-ships with the hope of defending our coasts against English attack. The English navy, however, is so much superior to ours that we can hardly expect to be able to cope with it for a long time to come. But Mr. Marston suggests a short and easy method of humbling our old enemy. Instead of waiting for England to fill her granaries and bid the world defiance, let us anticipate her. Let us agree with Russia to suspend the exportation of grain to Great Britain, and in a week the British populace would be engaged in riots of which the illustrations in Mr. Marston's book—for he enforces his argument with pictures of the London riots in 1886—give but a faint idea. It would not be necessary to declare war. We need only say that we propose to accumulate a stock of food for our own purposes, and, as England contemplated doing the same thing, she would have no *casus belli*.

Under such circumstances, England's navy would be of no use to her. She could not provision it, and, as all the miners would be starved to death, she could not coal it. Within six months we might confidently hope that half her population would have succumbed to famine, while the remainder would be reduced to such a state of inanition as would take all disposition as well as power to "grab" out of them for a generation to come. Meanwhile Russia could seize India and we could annex Canada. France would occupy Egypt, and the Boers would get hold of South Africa, while Germany could appropriate the rest of that continent. In fact, the Germans would probably make use of the opportunity to invade the British Isles—Ireland having, of course, declared her independence—and, instead of the traveller from New Zealand, the Emperor William might sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from a broken arch of London Bridge.

If our Senators were as great in action as in speech, all this might be realized. It would on some accounts be a painful affair, but it would for ever put a stop to the intolerable spectacle of the spread of English civilization outside of Great Britain, as well as within its limits. Until this is somehow done, a large number of our statesmen and journalists will have no peace of mind, and will give the country none. Unfortunately, the success of the plan depends on prompt action, and the plan could not be adopted without discussion in the Senate. Senator Morgan would begin a speech, and, before he had got half through, England would have filled her granaries and be laughing at our dilatory methods. Every patriotic soul must be wrung with anguish at the thought of this melancholy certainty. It would be so easy to humble our proud adversary to the dust, and compel her even to accept the silver standard, if our public men would only act instead of talking; but, alas! there is little hope of it.

Yet something may come out of Mr. Marston's proposal. Should England undertake to store wheat, we might put up the price for her by an export duty, which, as the exercise of a war power, might be held constitutional. If she tried to sell, we could take off the duty and break the market. In fact, Mr. Marston suggests to us infinite possibilities of inflicting injury on other countries, without resorting to the expense of maintaining an army and navy. Why should not our Government corner the wool market, and literally freeze out our British foes? At all events, we can pass the Dingley tariff, and, by preventing England from selling goods to us, make it difficult for us to sell to her. We may not be able to bring on a famine, but we can do something to create scarcity, and at least manifest our ill will.

We have looked at Mr. Marston's proposal from an American standpoint. Viewed through English eyes it does not seem altogether practical. It is conceivable that Russia and the United States might combine in making war on England, but the possibility is too remote to be worth considering. Long before an alliance for such a purpose could have been debated and consummated, the enterprise of grain-dealers would have effected insurance against such results as Mr. Marston imagines. Nor in any event would wheat be the most available of commodities for storage. There are many more concentrated and cheaper forms of nutriment which would answer during a temporary dearth, and, while it would be inconvenient for England to be deprived of the wheat now obtained from Russia and England, the deficiency would be made up from an infinity of sources.

The Fern-Collectors' Handbook and Herbarium: An Aid to the Study and Preservation of the Ferns of the Northern United States, including the District East of the Mississippi and North of North Carolina and Tennessee. By Sadie F. Price. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co. 1897.

IN this quarto, seventy-two excellent figures of our native ferns are given, for the most part with sufficient distinctness to make their identification as easy as child's-play. We could wish that, in a few instances, the artist had carried a more steady hand, even at the risk of rendering the outlines less sketchy; to us it seems that a little more care in the representation of the axis of the fronds would not have been thrown away. The outlines of the fronds themselves and of the separate divisions of the fronds are all that one can reasonably ask in a practical handbook designed for busy amateurs. Many of the drawings stand out in remarkable contrast to those which are found in some other treatises on ferns, with illustrations in black and white, where students are puzzled to make out differential characters. In the present work the differences are expressed satisfactorily. The artist has a gift for meeting difficulties instead of slurring them over, which we may trust she will employ in further illustration. Both she and Mr. Schuyler Mathews have rendered good service in their botanical sketches, and we must ask them both for more.

In closing, it is our duty to say that it is very doubtful whether the average purchaser of the work will feel inclined to use it exactly as the author designed that it should be utilized, namely, as a receptacle for dried ferns to match the figures. The work is likely to strike most people as being rather too attractive, in its clean white pages and charming drawings, to serve as an "album" for ferns themselves.

The Compleat Angler. By Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Edited with an introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. London and New York: John Lane.

IN 'The Chronicle of The Compleat Angler,' Mr. Westwood tells us that his first knowledge of the book was gained in the house of Charles Lamb, then living at Enfield, and who, though no angler himself, was a lover of angling literature, and had in his "ragged regiment of book tatterdemalions" a copy of the Hawkins edition of 1760. Lamb surely deserves the gratitude of every lover of angling literature for giving that bent to Mr. Westwood's mind which led him to devote his intelligent and trained labors to the resuscitation of this really important and delightful branch of letters.

The definite and stable place it now holds in the eyes of collectors and booksellers has brought publishers to the point of securing eminent hands to do the editorial work of the new and handsome editions of Walton constantly appearing. It seems quite a transition from the 'Book-Bills of Narcissus' to writing a bibliographical introduction to 'The Compleat Angler,' but Mr. Le Gallienne's versatility has proved equal to the task, both in the original matter he has provided and in the collection of the copious and interesting notes in the appendix. These, Mr. Le Gallienne says, are selected chiefly from the notes of previous editors, Nicolas, Ellis, Major, and Bethune, and he concludes his acknowledgments to the last-named gentleman by accusing him of carelessness, facetiousness, and constructively of plagiarism. No fault can be found with the illustrations by Mr. Edmund H. New, who makes his pictures tell us that he has done the work with a loving hand and in a spirit of thorough appreciation of Walton and the scenes he describes.

Crestomazia Italiana dei Primi Secoli. Per Ernesto Monaci. Fascicolo secondo. Città di Castello: S. Lapi. 1897.

STUDENTS of Italian literature and philology have looked forward to the completion of Monaci's 'Crestomazia' ever since the publication of the first instalment in 1889. The promised grammar and glossary have not yet appeared; but the third and last *fascicolo* is announced to be in the press. A similar announcement was made some three years ago in regard to the second *fascicolo*, now before us; and hence we need not be surprised that some of the bibliographical notes are already out of date. For example, Salvadori, 'La poesia giovanile di Guido Cavalcanti' (1895), is cited, but not Cesareo, 'La poesia siciliana' (1894), the edition by Pelaez of the *Codice Vaticano* 3214 (1895), nor the recent important articles on the Sicilian poets by Torraca and others (1894-'6). Among the notes which need revision are those on Stefano di Messina and Guido delle Colonne. Corrections and additions are to be expected later.

The present *fascicolo*, which brings the number of pages so far printed up to five hundred and twenty, begins with Guittone d'Arezzo and his imitators, then takes up the later Sicilian and early Tuscan poets, and of the *dolce stil nuovo* only Guinicelli and Cavalcanti. Besides the lyrics, there are selections from religious and historical works in prose and verse, and from various documents whose importance is chiefly linguistic. While we might wish that Prof. Monaci had paid more attention to establishing a satisfactory critical text, still we

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must be grateful to him for an extremely useful book. Of course, it cannot take the place of the great collections of early poetry published by D'Ancona, Comparetti, Casini, and others; yet it contains specimens from all these collections, and many other texts that are not otherwise easily accessible. If there is almost nothing in the book which had not been previously published, yet in some cases Monaci is the first editor to give an accurate reproduction of the manuscript readings.

It is to be hoped that the third *fascicolo* will not be delayed as long as the second has been; the preparation of the glossary, however, can be no easy task.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

Adams, Oscar F. The Story of Jane Austen's Life. New Edition. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $2.
Anderson, W. J. The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Scribners. $5.
Ashby-Sterry, J. A Tale of the Thames. Scribners. $1.75.
Atherton, Gertrude. His Fortunate Grace. Appletons.
Aubert E. Littérature Française. Dix-Huitième et Dix-Neuvième Siècle. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
Barr, Mrs. Amelia E. Prisoners of Conscience. The Century Co. $1.50.
Barr, Robert. The Mutable Many. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Barrett, Rev. B. F. From Different Points of View. Philadelphia: Swedenborg Publishing Association.
Barrett, Rev. B. F. The Church's One Foundation. Philadelphia: Swedenborg Publishing Association.
Bibliographica. Part XII. London: Keegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: Scribners.
Blaikie, W. G. Thomas Chalmers. [Famous Scots Series.] Scribners. 75c.
Boissier, Gaston. Cicero and His Friends. London: Inness & Co.; New York: Putnams. $1.75.
Boothby, Guy. The Beautiful White Devil. Appletons. $1.
Broglie, Duc de. Malherbe. [Les Grands Ecrivains Français.] Paris: Hachette; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.
Buchanan, Robert. Lady Kilpatrick. Rand, McNally & Co.
Burnham, Clara L. Miss Archer Archer: A Novel. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Cabot, Elizabeth L. In Plain Air. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25
Carlyle, Thomas. Essay on Burns. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 30c.
Chesterfield's Letters. Selected. Maynard, Merrill & Co. 24c.
Clodd, Edward. Pioneers of Evolution from Thales to Huxley. Appletons.
Cool, Capt. W. With the Dutch in the East. London: Luzac & Co.
Cornwallis, Kinahan. Two Strange Adventures. F. T. Neely. 25c.
Coues, Elliott. New Light on the Early History of the Great Northwest: The Journals of Alexander Henry and David Thompson. 3 vols. New York: F. P. Harper. $10.
Creahan, John. The Life of Laura Keene. Philadelphia: Rogers Publishing Co.
Crowe, Eyre. Thackeray's Haunts and Homes. Scribners. $1.50.
Curtis, Atherton. Some Masters of Lithography. Appletons.
Chapman, Elizabeth R. Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction, and Other Essays on Kindred Subjects. John Lane. $1.50.
Crockett, S. R. Lad's Love. Appletons.
Croker, B. M. Beyond the Pale. P. F. Collier. 25c.
Dawe, W. C. Kakemonos: Tales of the Far East. John Lane. $1.25.
Dawson, A. J. Mere Sentiment. John Lane. $1.25.
Deland, Margaret. The Wisdom of Fools. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Denison, Mary A. Captain Molly. A Love Story. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.
Estill, J. G. Numerical Problems in Plane Geometry. Longmans, Green & Co. 90c.
Faust, Prof. A. B. Charles Sealsfield (Carl Postl), der Dichter beider Hemisphären: Sein Leben und seine Werke. Weimar: Emil Felber; New York: G. E. Stechert.
Ford, P. L. The Great K. & A. Robbery. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Geikie, Sir Archibald. The Ancient Volcanoes of Great Britain. 2 vols. Macmillan. $11.25.
Gilder, R. W. "For the Country." The Century Co. $1.
Goodrich, Prof. Frank. Goethe's Götz von Berlichingen. Henry Holt & Co. 70c.
Gosse, Edmund. Seventeenth Century Studies: A Contribution to the History of English Poetry. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Greene, Belle C. Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal Hawkins. American Publishers Corporation.
Greener, W. W. The Gun and Its Development. 6th ed. Scribners. $4.
Grosse, Prof. Ernst. The Beginnings of Art. Appletons. $1.75.
Guild Curtis A. A Chat about Celebrities; or, The Story of a Book. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Guthrie, W. N. Modern Poet Prophets. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. $2.
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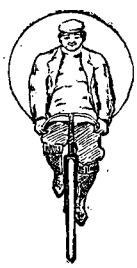

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